HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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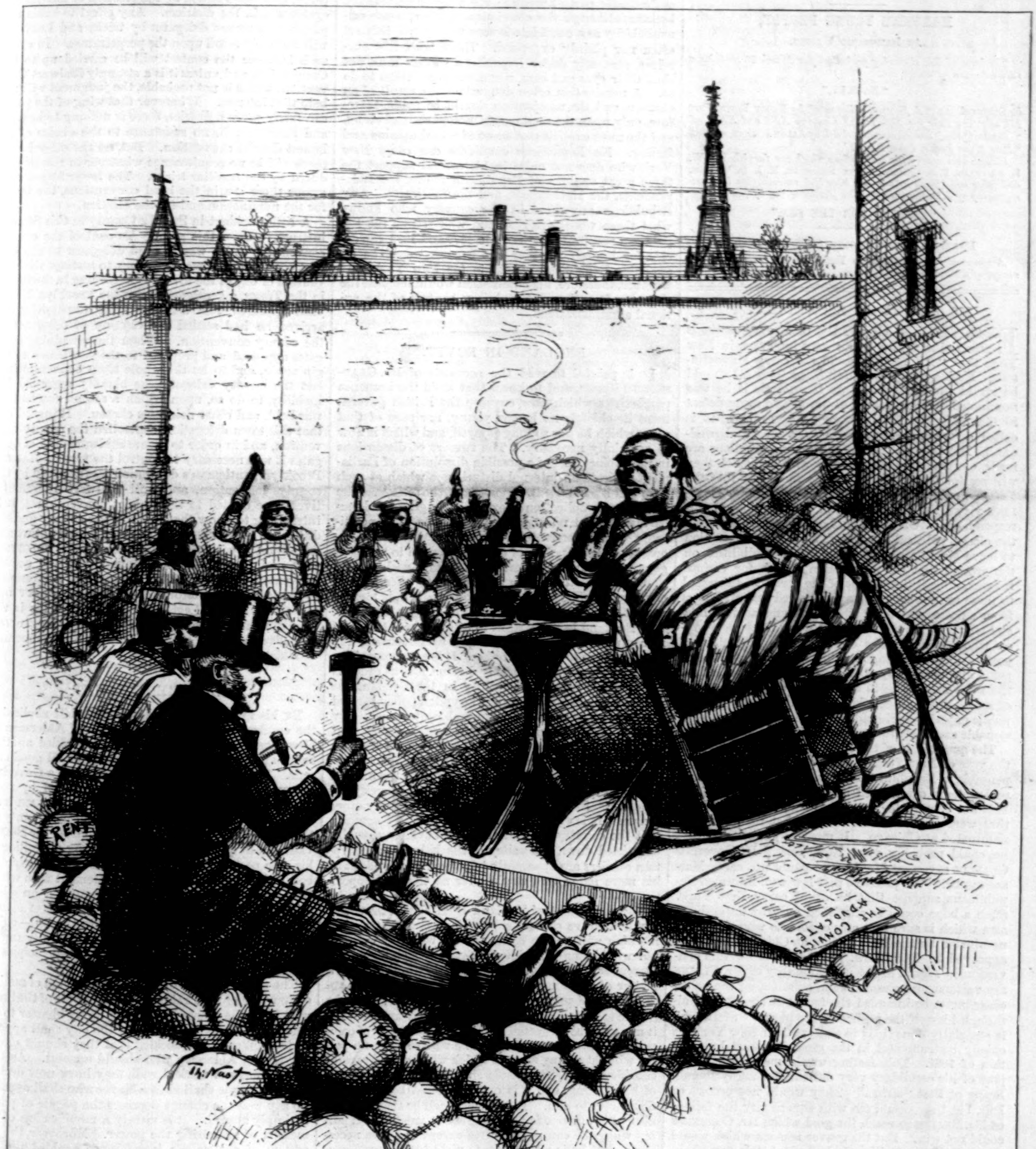
RENT
AXES
THE CONVICTS ADVOCATE.
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THE PRISON LABOR PROBLEM SOLVED.

THE HONEST CITIZEN MUST DO THE CONVICT'S WORK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1884.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

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The issue of this charming periodical for March 25 *contains a rare collection of stories, viz.,*

"RACKET,"

by SIDNEY DARE, "*A Strange Discovery,*" *by* HENRY FRITH, *Part III. of* "*The Fair for Sick Dolls,*" *Chapters XXI. and XXII. of* "*The Ice Queen,*" *and an amusing sketch by* ALLAN FORMAN, *entitled* "*How Much Does a Horse Know?*"

Conspicuous among the illustrations, which are furnished by W. L. SHEPPARD, F. S. CHURCH, JESSIE SHEPHERD, M. L. D. WATSON, *and other well-known artists, is a beautiful reproduction in wood-engraving of* J. G. BROWN'S *popular picture of boy life, entitled*

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MR. BLAINE AS A CANDIDATE.

EX-GOVERNOR CLAFLIN, of Massachusetts, is reported as saying in a recent interview in New York that "Mr. BLAINE could not carry Massachusetts. He has a very small following there. I should be afraid the State would go Democratic if he was nominated. His nomination would also mean defeat in the nation." Ex-Governor CLAFLIN is what is called a "regular Republican," not an "Independent." But he says, "If satisfactory nominations are made, our Independents will stay with us; if not, they will scatter their vote." On the same day that the *Tribune* published this report of Ex-Governor CLAFLIN'S views, the *Herald* said, in its Washington correspondence: "On the Republican side there is among the closest political calculators a growing disposition to leave Mr. BLAINE out of the list of possibilities, on the ground that his nomination would, for various reasons, imperil the success of the party." In regard to these suggestions we have received several letters from sincere and earnest Republicans asking how and why it is that the one possible candidate mentioned whose name excites enthusiasm among his supporters, an unswerving Republican, a man of brilliant parts, and personally charming and accomplished, of the most marked taste and talent for public affairs, of recognized political ability, and of long and varied public experience, should seem to be a seriously objectionable candidate to the Independent voters.

The question is of the highest importance, because the vote of New York is usually thought to be indispensable to Republican success, and that vote will be undoubtedly determined by the Independent voters. It is not enough for success to demonstrate—even if that were possible—that this or that man could be nominated at Chicago. It must be shown also that he could probably carry New York. Ex-Governor CLAFLIN says that Mr. BLAINE could not carry Massachusetts. We presume that few well-informed Republicans suppose that he could carry New York. Such a hope could be cherished only by an enthusiasm which is sure that any candidate who should be nominated by the Republicans at Chicago would be approved by New York. The reasons for this conviction in regard to the unavailability of Mr. BLAINE are various, and among them, as affecting the politicians, must be included the fact that Mr. BLAINE, although himself the author of the phrase "Stalwart," is especially obnoxious to Stalwarts in New York, as chiefly instrumental in the great Stalwart humiliation of 1881. This feeling would make hearty support of his candidacy very difficult for many Republicans of that "stripe." They would not protest or bolt, but they would see with equanimity the failure of Mr. BLAINE to reach the goal which Mr. CONKLING could not win. But the graver reasons which would alienate the controlling Independent vote are of another kind, and of a kind which would make the campaign a prolonged defense, when such a necessity would be disastrous.

These reasons, as we understand them, are, first, the character of the disclosures in 1876 regarding the railway transactions. The whole story would be told again, and would require explanations which would be no more satisfactory to Independent voters now than they were when first made eight years ago. The second reason is apprehension of a "vigorous," or "brilliant," or "dashing" and restless foreign policy, which under existing circumstances would probably lead to undesirable foreign complications. The third reason is an apparent want of sympathy with administrative reform, which has never received any hearty support from Mr. BLAINE, which is, indeed, hostile to the school of politics in which he is held to be a master, and which has been contemptuously assailed by his near friends. To these reasons may be added the fact that many of the Independent voters in New York are friendly to revenue reform, while Mr. BLAINE is a pronounced protectionist. These and such as these are the considerations that explain the unavailability for New York of the candidacy of Mr. BLAINE, and similar reasons doubtless alienate the feeling of Massachusetts voters as described by Ex-Governor CLAFLIN. These reasons ought not to be disregarded, because they are not of a kind to be overcome by an enthusiastic party hurrah. We state them frankly because, although the conviction of his extreme unavailability as a candidate is very widely felt, it is not often nor plainly expressed. Those who, like ourselves, earnestly desire Republican success must not shut their eyes and ears, nor encourage others to do so. A nomination often determines the result of an election, and the nomination should be made, therefore, only upon the most careful comparison of views, and the most explicit statement of actual opinion and feeling. No Republican candidate can carry New York who does not unite in his cordial support the three great sections of Republican voters, the Independents, the Half-Breeds, and the Stalwarts. Any Republican anywhere in the country who knows what those words describe, and who recalls the Republican result in New York in 1879 and 1882, can decide for himself whether Mr. BLAINE would be an available Republican candidate for New York, and whether, therefore, his nomination would increase the chances of continued Republican control of the national administration.

ENGLAND IN EGYPT.

IT is painful to read the accounts of Mr. GLADSTONE'S illness, and to know that amid the immense perplexities which now envelop the British government its chief is no longer young, nor sure of that vigor which he has so long enjoyed, and which is now so especially necessary. The rumors of dissensions in the cabinet and of a possible dissolution of Parliament indicate an internal disturbance which at such a time, if it exist at all, can not fail to be serious. The Egyptian complication is exceedingly grave and embarrassing, and no middle course seems to be practicable. The experience of two years has clearly demonstrated that a policy of mere suggestion to the local government upon the part of England is useless. To sketch a constitutional system and to offer it to a country like Egypt, and then to withdraw, is merely to confound confusion and produce infinite mischief.

If England has any right to be in Egypt at all, she is bound to vindicate that right by governing the country so as to preserve order. It is a responsibility which she can not honorably decline, and as order is impossible without tranquillity in the Soudan, she must occupy Egypt to control Egyptian policy toward the Soudan, or she must restore absolute tranquillity in that obscure region, and still remain to see that Egypt respects the settlement. The present English operations in Egypt are carried on upon the sole responsibility of England, and that must be the method until she can withdraw without leaving anarchy behind her. She has gone too far to pursue any other course. It is evident that, should England actually quit the country, El Mahdi would advance virtually unresisted down the valley of the Nile. The Egyptian soldiers are apparently terrorized by the might of his mere name, and would offer no effective opposition.

The retirement of England from Egypt, however, would involve so vast a pecuniary loss that such a measure will not be contemplated with equanimity, nor would English pride acquiesce in such a seeming surrender to semi-barbarous foes. It is therefore a matter of great interest to know what plan Mr. GLADSTONE would propose, because he is understood to be averse to a vigorous occupation of the country. Yet it must not be forgotten that he is a statesman of comprehensive sagacity, and that he will propose no policy without giving reasons which will demand careful consideration. The whole situation in Egypt is not of his making, and it is one that must be peculiarly distasteful to him. It may very well be that it is one also which demands for its effective treatment a policy which he can not approve except as a dire necessity. But he is not a man to yield his matured convictions, and should a difference in the cabinet become pronounced and incapable of adjustment, there is little doubt that he would appeal to the country. The *Daily News* hopes that the close of his career will be worthy of him. Of that it need have no fear. Mere defeat certainly would not make it unworthy. Sir ROBERT PEEL was overthrown by a coalition, but he was never greater nor more respected than when he had ceased to hold office. Mr. GLADSTONE'S course will be watched with profound interest.

"TRICKS THAT ARE VAIN."

IT is evidently very hard for the Stalwart Republican politicians to understand that no nonsense will be tolerated by the National Convention, or by the voters in the election of national delegates. The Stalwarts, notwithstanding the buying up of the votes of States that could give no majority for the candidate, were unable to control the last National Convention, and they will never come so near to that control again. Their present purpose, of course, is Cowes and a market. They wish to carry as many votes to Chicago as possible in order to command better bargains. This may be cunning for themselves, but it is very unwise for the party.

The purpose of the action of the last Convention is plain. It was to secure in the Convention of this year a representation of the real sentiment of the party, to be ascertained by the election of district delegates within the districts. Any effort to baffle this purpose, to secure delegates by tricks and knavery, will certainly recoil upon the perpetrators. In every such instance the contest will be carried up to the Convention, and unless it is a strongly Stalwart Convention, which is not probable, the judgment will not help that interest. Wherever that wing of the party can fairly carry a district, there is nothing to be said, and there will be no resistance to the choice of an honest district convention. But, on the other hand, there will be no acquiescence whatever in results produced by the familiar tricks. The fewer forged telegrams there are in the local conventions, the better for the nomination and for the election.

A little incident in Suffolk County in this State is instructive upon this point. To control the county convention which was to send delegates to the district convention, it was necessary to manage the convention of one of the towns. According to the report in the *Times*, a gentleman from the Brooklyn Navy-yard appeared, and before all the town delegates arrived he had settled the election of delegates to the county convention. When the remaining delegates appeared, and proposed to the gentleman to begin again, and to let the whole town convention select the county delegates, he blandly regretted his inability to do so, upon which a second convention was held, and other delegates chosen. It turned out that this town delegation controlled the county convention, and in order to secure Stalwart district delegates it was necessary to control the town. But the Brooklyn gentleman's delegation was declined by the county convention, and anti-Stalwart representatives were elected to the district convention. It is interesting to know that this was the county and the district of Mr. STEPHEN B. FRENCH, who is not wholly unconnected with the nomination of Mr. FOLGER in 1882, and that his acting lieutenant in the county convention was Mr. E. A. CARPENTER, a strenuous supporter of the restoration of Messrs. PLATT and CONKLING in the Legislature of 1881. This is the kind of performance which, should it become general, will give the State of New York to the Democratic candidate.

ALDERMEN EXEUNT.

BY his approval of the ROOSEVELT bill abolishing the confirming power of the Board of Aldermen of New York, Governor CLEVELAND has added another to his strong claims to the gratitude of all good citizens. It is long since New York has had a Governor whose official action was so little affected by mere party considerations; and Governor CLEVELAND'S removal of the District Attorney of Queens County on the eve of the last election, and his signing the ROOSEVELT bill in quiet defiance of the strong opposition in his own party, are proofs of a public courage which is both refreshing and rare. The statement with which the Governor accompanies his signature is an admirable document, which effectually disposes of all the objections that have been offered to the bill—objections which, whether honestly or dishonestly urged, show a singular misconception of the principles of popular government.

The essential point of the bill is a change of method of appointment. That is all. The people of the State, who have the power in framing a city charter to decide in what way the people of the city shall appoint certain officers, had decided that they should elect a Mayor and Aldermen who should appoint. As that scheme has not worked well, they have now decided that the people shall elect a Mayor who shall appoint. To say that the change deprives the people of power is simply absurd. It is merely a modification of the method of exercising the power. Moreover, the old system of aldermanic interference enabled the minority of voters to defeat the will of the majority, because the Aldermen are elected by districts, and the aggregate vote of the districts furnishing a majority of the board may be very much smaller than that which furnishes a minority.

To the remark that the unrestricted appointing power of the Mayor makes him a despot, a dictator, a tyrant, who can perpetuate his term and his authority, the Governor conclusively replies that such a remark "concedes either that the people are vile, or that self-government is a deplorable failure." He expresses his readiness to approve other bills re-arranging the terms of officers, and providing other safeguards, such as those which are already matured. Mr. Roosevelt in all this legislation has earned a most enviable distinction. His courage, his spirit, his tenacity, and his clear head have served the city well. He is an excellent representative of the Young Republicanism which proposes to commend the party to public favor not by old party cries, and appeals to mere party spirit, but by remedying proved wrongs, correcting flagrant abuses, and showing that the party uses administrative power for the public benefit.

THE REFORM LEGISLATURE.

The Republican Legislature of New York can do the State and its party, and consequently the country, no better service than to continue the good work which it has begun, and so secure for itself the distinctive name of the Reform Legislature. The adverse vote upon the proposition to make the civil service reform mandatory in cities was a blunder which was fortunately repaired upon a motion to reconsider, and the bill was passed in the Assembly by the significant vote of 82 to 32. Of the affirmative vote 17 were Democrats, and of the negative 5 were Republicans. The bill now enforces the law in all cities of more than 20,000 inhabitants, instead of leaving the reform to the discretion of the Mayor.

Mr. Husted unfortunately succeeded in exempting the Police Department from the operation of the law—a provision which is only mischievous, and for which he did not give even a plausible reason. It is true that physical qualifications are very important in determining the selection of policemen. But not only would that be no bar to a proper examination, but in fact they are selected now not for physical but political qualifications. The bill as passed, however, is a great step forward, because the reformed system is especially desirable in the municipal service. The good work has not stopped here. The prompt passage of Mr. Gibbs's bills providing for a popular election in November to fill the offices of Comptroller and of President of the Board of Aldermen shows an excellent disposition, and a third bill providing for the appointment by the next and not by the present Mayor of a Commissioner of Public Works and a Corporation Counsel is so reasonable that, although it will doubtless meet opposition because of the great patronage of the Public Works Department, it will probably pass.

The pending bills introduced by Mr. Roosevelt to regulate the city departments, and to stay the enormous waste and corruption in them, are the completion of the system begun by the abolition of the Aldermen's veto upon appointments, of which we speak elsewhere. The passage of these bills without serious modification, with the one already approved, and the amended and strengthened reform act, will have made this a triumphant session for Republican prestige. It will have shown how amenable the party action is to progressive party sentiment, and it will have commended it very strongly to the continued confidence of independent and intelligent citizens everywhere.

VIEWS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

In a letter to the Elmira *Sunday Tidings*, Senator Mitchell, of Pennsylvania, says:

> "It is my judgment that the Republican party will be most certainly enabled to succeed in November by the selection of a candidate whose public character gives the strongest assurance that he will, as President, faithfully carry forward the reforms sought by the independent Republicans in 1882—a practical reform of the civil service by reign of law, and popular control of the party, looking to this object. The masses are not office-seekers; but few of them can be office-holders. All of them must desire and cherish wise, honest, faithful administration; and that party will be strongest in this country in the future which most strongly supports this plan of appointments to office, so far as practicable, by operation of law. The struggles for office within a party weaken more than they strengthen it; and so far as the responsibility for choice can be cast upon the law, the responsibility and blame must fall upon that, and not upon those who hold public place and dispense patronage by party support."

These are sentiments worthy of the warmest approval by all Republicans, and it is not strange that Senator Mitchell's colleague, Senator Cameron, thought that it was high time to come home if a Pennsylvania Senator was uttering such views. In no State is there a more resolute body of independent and progressive Republicans than in Pennsylvania, as they have often shown, and Senator Mitchell undoubtedly speaks for them. The old machine wishes to select the district delegates at the State Convention; but its plans will be probably foiled. Messrs. May in Philadelphia and Magee in Pittsburgh are Cameronian lieutenants who have apparently been baffled by Mr. McManus, a local leader in Philadelphia who was a very effective foe of the third term plot four years ago.

The Independent vote in Pennsylvania is hardly less necessary to success in that State than in New York. Senator Mitchell says that Mr. Blaine is very popular in the State, and that upon a platform strongly pledged to the civil service reform policy he would be elected. But if his nomination would probably arouse old animosities, the Senator thinks that it would be unwise. Of Mr. Edmunds he says that if he would accept the nomination he would certainly be elected, "for no man in the United States to-day stands forth more clearly and strongly for a practical civil service reform, and for all the great principles of the party, as evidenced by character and public record, than he." To this we might add that while Mr. Edmunds is obviously not seeking the nomination, and probably not really desiring it, he would unquestionably accept it, and to no candidate yet mentioned would there be so little opposition, and of none so general and profound an approval.

CONGRESS AND THE SARATOGA MONUMENT.

Mr. Sherman, from the Senate Committee on the Library, has reported favorably the application for a grant of $40,000 to complete the Saratoga Monument. The expenditure upon the work thus far seems to the committee judicious and economical. The shaft is completed, but statues, tablets, and other additions are yet necessary properly to finish the memorial.

The argument for the grant is very strong. As the report truly says: "The battle of Saratoga was beyond doubt the most momentous battle of the Revolutionary war, and most decisive in results. It peculiarly combined the soldiers from colonies north and south, and united them more than ever. Its victory led instantly to the alliance with France. In every respect the event appeals to Congress for special recognition of its historic import."

The commemoration of such a victory is properly a national case. The State and citizens of New York have already paid more than half of the cost, and it is but a part of the remaining sum which is necessary that the association asks from Congress. The Field of the Grounded Arms, as Halleck called it, is a national field. New York was the scene of Burgoyne's surrender, but every one of the united colonies was as vitally interested in it as New York, and its patriotic and proper commemoration is most justly an interest of the United States.

THEODORE WINTHROP.

The Life and Poems of Theodore Winthrop, edited by his sister, will recall to many a reader the surprise and delight with which his brilliant books were received after his heroic death in the very beginning of the war. The volume is composed mainly of his letters and diaries, and of the poems, which are all brief except the "Two Worlds," which is "a kind of novel in blank verse," and which shows the strong story-telling tendency of his mind.

The letters reveal the eager, restless, curious, half-melancholy temperament which is still more evident in the verses. He saw much of Europe and of America, beating about, with delicate health and sensitive temper, to find what he could best do, and always surely drifting to the literary activity in which his true talent lay. He had a certain gayety of manner and a quick humor, but he was a man of singular earnestness and of deep human sympathy. A shrewd observer of men and manners, his varied experience would long have served his imagination in his literary career had not all ended so soon.

But perhaps the highest and most permanent value of this book will be its revelation of the quality of the youth who defended the Union to the death because the Union was the hope of liberty. In how many of them the soul of Sidney and of Warren re-appeared! And how much energy, training, capacity, and moral power, which would have been invaluable to the country had they lived, were lost to it in their death! But the service, however brief, was as great in the field as it could have been elsewhere and at any time; and every detail of the worth of a young man like Theodore Winthrop deepens our sense of the cost of the great victory. This volume will show how faithfully he followed Sidney's counsel to the poet to look in his own heart and write; and if a certain sadness lingers upon the reader's mind as he closes the book, it is not that the life was not noble and nobly ended, but that it ended when apparently the true beginning, so long and ardently desired, was at hand.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Parke Godwin, who, in connection with several other gentlemen, recently bought a controlling interest in the *Commercial Advertiser*, assumes the editorship of that journal this week. Mr. Godwin is a profound thinker, a forcible writer, and an experienced journalist, and in his hands the *Commercial Advertiser*, which thirty years ago had a literary, political, and financial reputation second to that of no newspaper in the country, is likely to resume its old laurels.

—There seems to be no end to news about *The Bread-Winners*. It is now announced that MM. Hachette & Co., of Paris, will publish a French translation of that brilliant novel, the translator being Madame Le Breton.

—The new proprietor of the *Albany Evening Journal*, Mr. W. J. Arkell, is well known in this city, and among his warmest friends are the members of the Artists' Fund Society, to whom he gave that grand excursion a few summers ago. He announces his aim "to maintain the prestige of the Albany *Evening Journal*, and to strengthen its influence, especially with the Republican party." We believe that for the accomplishment of such a purpose the paper has fallen into the right hands.

—Major-General Godfrey Weitzel, who died in Philadelphia on the 19th of March, was a distinguished soldier of the war for the Union. In acknowledgment of many gallant exploits he was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and during the siege of Port Hudson his victorious troops were under fire forty days in the open air and with insufficient food. He occupied Jeff Davis's house in Richmond, subsequently to his triumphal entrance into that city on the 3d of April, 1865. At the time of his death he was a lieutenant-colonel in the regular army.

—Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, having returned home from a visit to Rome, reports that at the conferences recently held there one of the chief subjects was "the higher education of the clergy, especially with regard to the physical sciences, so that pastors may be better prepared to refute the errors of modern scientists who pretend to discover a want of harmony between science and revelation."

—General Logan, according to a Washington correspondent, has lived for twelve years in two modest rooms at a boarding-house in that city, and is one of the most happy and fortunate of men. "In 1855 he married Miss Mary Cunningham, of Shawneetown, Illinois, and she has proved a most valuable helpmeet, being as good a politician as himself, if not a better, and a lady of great refinement as well as intellectual force. There is no woman in public life who possesses more admirable traits than Mrs. Logan, and, what is unusual, her popularity with her own sex is quite as great as with the other."

—Professor W. H. Green, the Oriental scholar of Princeton, has been invited to visit the University of Edinburgh next summer to receive the honorary degree of D.D. He expects to accept the invitation, as his duties will call him to Europe about that time.

—According to the Rev. Dr. Schaff, "Calvin, who burned Servetus, is not only the greatest theologian among the Reformers, but surpassed them all in zeal for purity of doctrine and holiness of life."

—There is a colporteur among the immigrants at Castle Garden who speaks thirteen languages.

—In the Jane D. Kent Day Nursery, Philadelphia, about sixteen children, from three months to nine years old, are received daily, nursed, fed, and amused, while their mothers earn bread outside. Swings, hobby-horses, toy wagons, tin soldiers, romping, sleeping, and screaming are among the attractions. At 6.30 P.M. the mothers come to take the babies home, and pay six cents apiece for the service rendered. This is an improvement on the old plan of locking up children in a room, and letting them run the risk of crying themselves sick and burning themselves to death.

—A Philadelphia colored caterer boasts that twelve years ago he served a dinner for Attorney-General Brewster at which one of the dishes was a capon goose stuffed with truffles, and brought, ready for cooking, all the way from France in an air-tight can.

—An esteemed Chicago contemporary calls Mr. Joseph Cook "flippant and reckless" because in a recent lecture in Boston he informed his hearers that on all railroad trains entering Chicago the conductors and brakemen announced twenty minutes' stop for divorces. "This," says our contemporary, with disgust, "was received as the utterance of a wit."

—At one of the battles in the Soudan the native horsemen retreated three miles on a gallop before any one was caught. The first prisoner was a woman, who, her sex unrecognizable, escaped through the first line of the British, and being discovered and spared by the second, displayed her savage gratitude by firing a musket after the men who had saved her.

—Lady John Manners complains that in Scotch and English country houses nowadays there is altogether too much eating. "A succession of meals, each partaking more or less of the character of a dinner, occupies the attention of the guests, with brief intervals," from the time they leave their beds until they seek them again. Bread and butter, with tea or spirits, on rising; hot and cold meats at 10 A.M.; the same, with all sorts of puddings and jellies, at 2 P.M.; tea, crumpets, and muffins at 5 P.M.; afterward dinner and supper. She is decidedly of opinion that the thing is overdone.

—A memorial to Charles Dickens having been proposed in London, one of his friends sends to a newspaper a passage from the novelist's last will. "I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works."

—Mrs. Gladstone has written the following letter to an East Indian: "Dear Sir,—On the part of my two daughters and myself I thank you heartily for your kind presents. The Indian fans are beautiful, and the crimson braiding done by your mother does not escape our attention. We value it all very much, and, perhaps, more than all, your most kind words about my husband and family. Pray accept our best and warmest gratitude. With best wishes for yourself and your kind mother, I remain, sir, yours truly, Catherine Gladstone."

—An Italian pedestrian has performed the remarkable feat of walking or running from Caserta to Naples in an hour and fourteen minutes. The railroad cars do the distance in an hour, though this need not say much for them. Of course the pedestrian "intends soon to start for America."

—An officer of Princeton College has made a careful computation of the cost of living there. He finds that a student's necessary expenses are only two hundred and thirty dollars a year, exclusive of bills for clothes; and that with the best board, the best rooms, and the most generous subscriptions to the various class sports and occasional ceremonies, the expenses need not exceed seven hundred and thirty dollars a year. A fair average, he says, is four hundred and thirty dollars a year.

—Dr. Schweinfurth writes that the project of establishing in Cairo a home for freed women slaves meets with general approbation in that city, even from quarters where much sympathy on questions connected with slavery was not to be expected.

—Lady Brassey, of the yacht *Sunbeam*, is a woman of wide sympathies. While on her way to Egypt she was presented with "a pretty long-haired pig, almost as small as my Bow Island favorite," by the inhabitants of Navarino. "He is the quaintest little animal imaginable," she says. "He sits up like a dog, and was discovered after lunch to-day comfortably ensconced among the pillows on the sofa. He is about half the size of my favorite old pug Félise, and has very sharp teeth of his own."

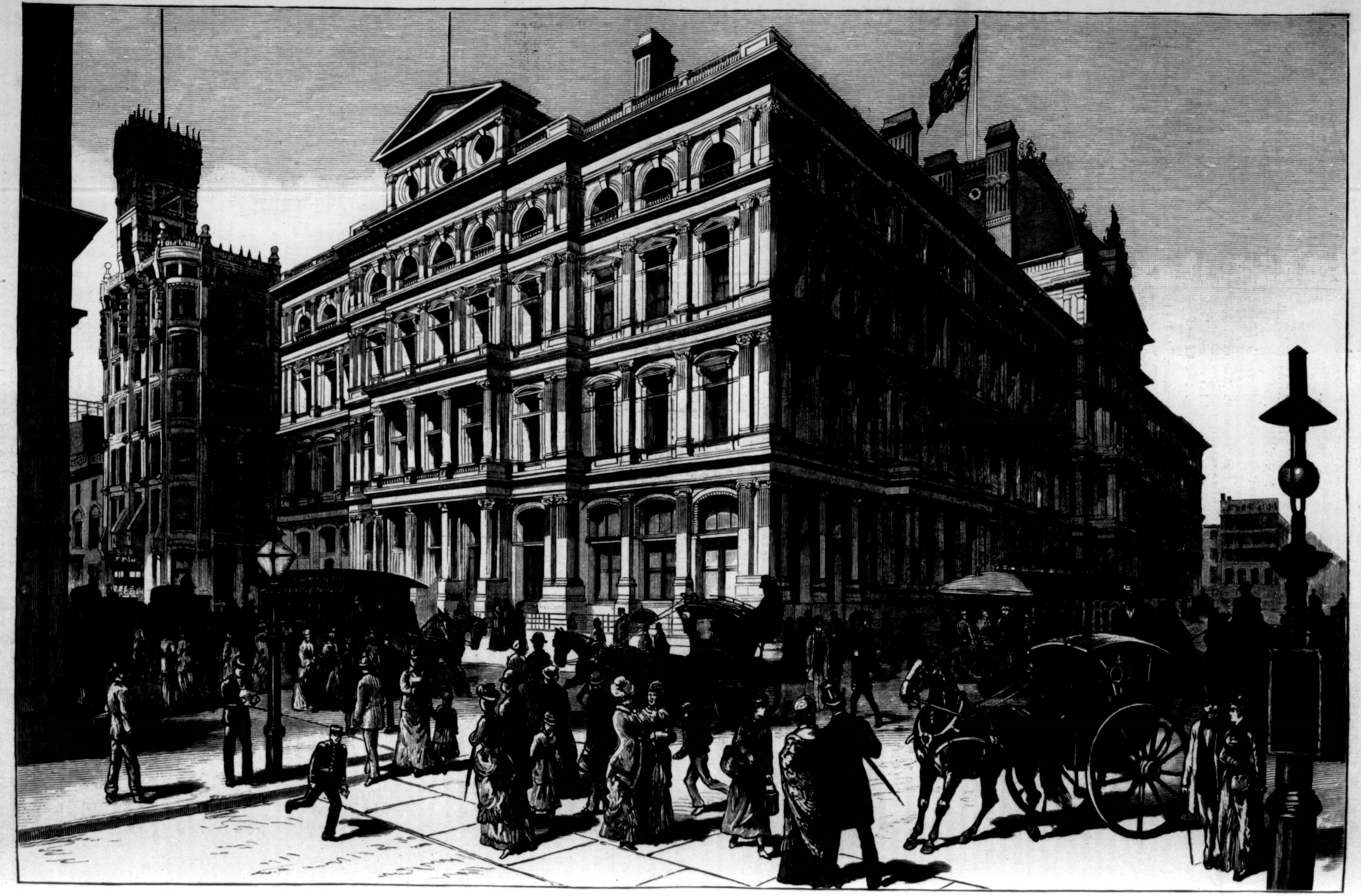
—From the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*: "The Mormons now boast that in the South they have secured a splendid field for converts, and that they are gaining new members throughout the mountainous regions of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Georgia. Miss Kate Field, in a letter to the Boston *Herald*, has given a vivid and touching picture of the condition of those unfortunate Southerners who have been lured away from their homes by Mormon elders and missionaries. These missionaries should be prohibited and prevented from securing converts in the South."

—Bulwer married at twenty-five, in opposition to his mother's wishes, a lady whose position was unusually friendless, and who had not the slightest idea of economy. Without means to meet his ordinary expenses, he wrote novels and articles for the newspapers and the reviews so incessantly that his wife said she seldom or never saw him for five minutes until two or three o'clock in the morning. The pair became estranged irremediably.

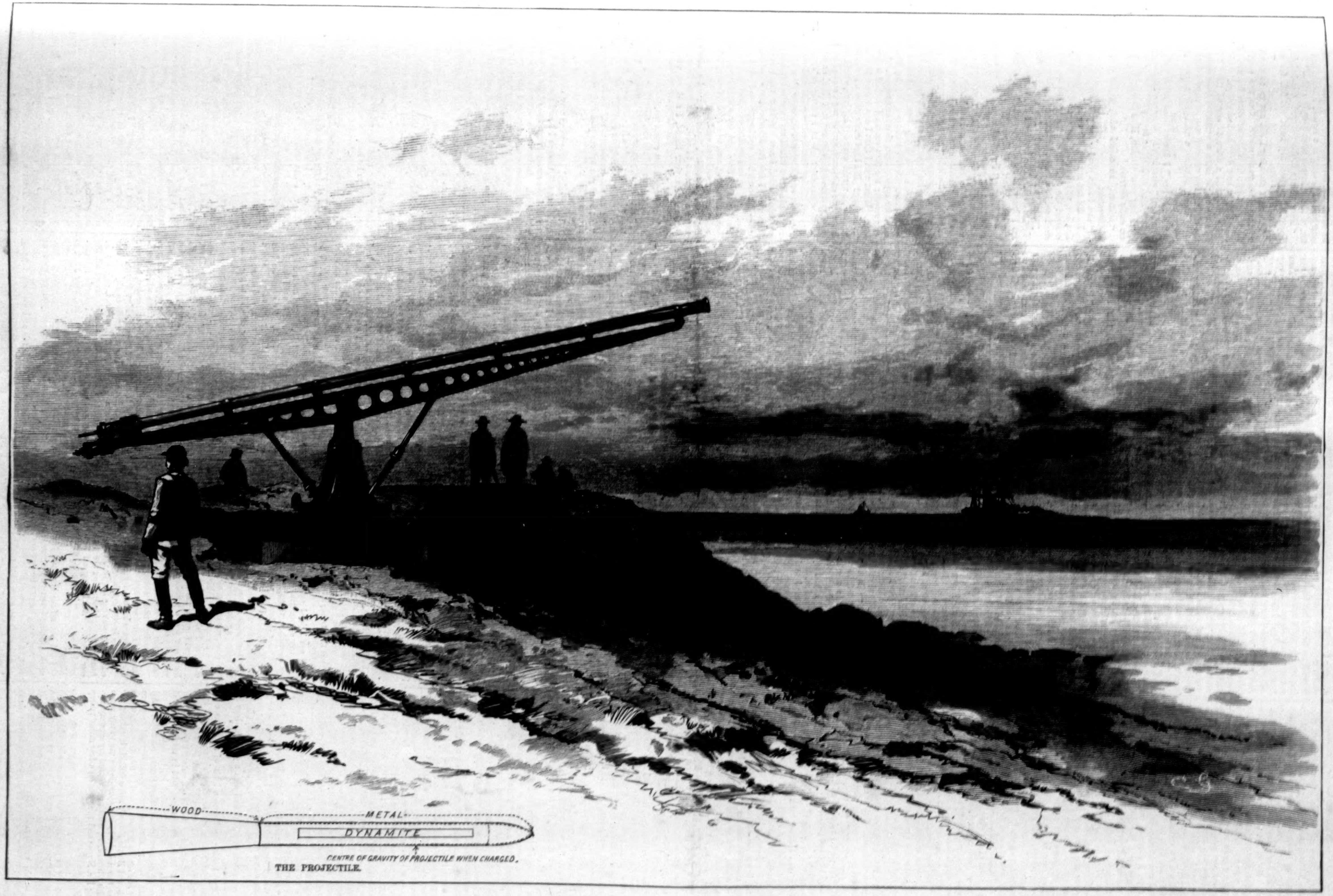
—Remarks by a contemporaneous essayist: "It has been said that no matter how humble the dwelling, wherever a young man and a young woman who love each other make their home it is paradise. Experience shows that those who determine to live with simplicity, and to exercise self-denial for the sake of each other, may enjoy the perpetual feast of mutual affection without spending largely. But it is easier to begin married life in an economical manner than to retrench later."

—Signor Salvini is playing his Shakespearean rôles in London with success, although the critic of the *Standard* sees in the magnificent declamation and perfect knowledge of stage resource of his King Lear "much to admire, but little to move."

—At the unveiling of Longfellow's bust in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey Mr. J. R. Lowell delivered a characteristically subtle and appropriate address. Though there is no Academy in England answerable to that of France, yet admission to Westminster Abbey forms, he said, a test of literary eminence perhaps as effectual. "The only warrant of permanence in literature is a certain distinction in style—something quite indefinable, like the distinction of good-breeding; and it seems to me that the distinction of style is eminently found in the poet whom we are met here in some sense to celebrate to-day."



THE NEW PHILADELPHIA POST-OFFICE.—Drawn by F. B. Schell.—[See Page 203.]


WOOD
METAL
DYNAMITE
CENTRE OF GRAVITY OF PROJECTILE WHEN CHARGED.
THE PROJECTILE.

THE NEW DYNAMITE GUN.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 203.]

MIMOSA.

In the nature of things it was evident that when the Noyces decided to go to Mount Aubert we should go there too, for we belong to a class commonly called *parasites*, and at the time the Noyces held out the best chances for our development. So on we followed, I vowing and protesting that Mount Aubert was too far away; that I cared nothing about seeing the place (which was by no means true, as summer after summer had heard me long for the reputed breezes of Mount Aubert); that of all people I hated the Noyces most. Did I not know why we went? Was not Bertie Noyce considered a capital *parti*, and had not my amiable and interested step-mother done her best to rid herself of me?

Yes, I was twenty-six that summer, and it was high time I stepped out of the way, for there were three girls younger than myself to launch upon the world, and the fact of there being an elder unmarried sister in the family was enough to cause them to be eyed with suspicion.

The Noyces had taken a large plain brown cottage near the sea, and, fortunately for my step-mother's plans, the one adjoining was at our disposal. So there we came in July, having left scorching heat in town a day or two before, and the fresh breezes restored us to good-nature.

Oh, beautiful Mount Aubert! shall I ever forget my first sight of you? The sun was setting over the bay, the crimson-gold lights shading off behind the Goboro Mountains, and up from the waters in front of our cottage arose the five islands with their dark green foliage. Never, never will any spot be to me what you are, and the thought of your exquisite beauty steals over me at twilight with a pleasure that is born of pain. For into those few months the thoughts and feelings of a lifetime seemed to be compressed, and to them I trace the rising of all my hopes—the setting of them too. I am by nature sensitive to a fault; and then, before life's lesson had dawned upon me, this trait was attaining a degree bordering on morbidness. But on this glorious evening, as I stood on our cottage piazza, the whole world seemed too beautiful, too tempting, and I sighed aloud, "Oh that I might die in such a place!"

"And why not prefer living, here of all places in the world?"

Bertie Noyce stood before me, an amused look in his eyes. I drew back instantly. Here was the serpent in my Eden. Of all persons in the world Bertie Noyce was the last to understand a craving for death, a longing to be gone, and cumber no more the earth. His was one of those happy, cheerful natures that seem born to make others smile, and to cast off all weary, heart-sick thoughts that might oppress them. Kind, joyous Bertie! He saw that something indefinable had crept over my spirit, and, with a smile, said:

"Come, Miss Loring, we will go down on the rocks for five minutes to watch the light. Then you can pride yourself upon having been the first of the family to explore."

Without hesitation I followed him through the grass, down a path, and then we clambered to the top of a large rock jutting out into the waters. The sight was indeed lovely—one to entwine itself closely about one's heart, not to impose and awe by its sublimity.

"Miss Loring, you've no idea what treats there are in store for you," said Bertie, giving me a kind look. "I will constitute myself your guide over Mount Aubert, by sea and mountain, with pleasure."

A vision of my step-mother, my three sisters, and what was expected of me arose before my mind, and with a curt "Thanks, I can guide myself," I walked back toward the cottage.

Bertie looked rather surprised at my rudeness, but finally followed me, thoughtfully relieving me of my now useless parasol.

Step-mother and sisters were all on the piazza to meet me. I had been gone ten minutes. Strange how suddenly I was missed! The light in my step-mother's eyes changed from that of intense indignation to that of satisfaction when she saw who was my companion. It was difficult for her to reconcile her respect for "the proprieties" with her only too well known (to me) gratification at seeing Bertie Noyce by my side.

"My dear daughter"—being the eldest, I was usually so addressed *en société*—"I wondered very much where you could be. Thank you so very much, Mr. Noyce, for bringing my little truant home. I hope you did not find her wandering about alone;" and Mrs. Loring gave me a playful tap to indicate her forbearance with my naïve and girlish ways.

"I am the culprit, I fear, Mrs. Loring," said Bertie, preparing to depart; "for I enticed Miss Nona down on the rocks to watch the light over the Goboro Mountains. Being neighbors, I hope to see much of you;" and with a graceful bow he was gone.

Mrs. Loring gave me a look of supreme content, and Nettie, my favorite sister, slipped her hand in mine. I was indignant beyond expression, and shaking Nettie off, entered the cottage. Here I found everything still in confusion, and Mrs. Loring soon bustled in, to set things all wrong that eventually they might be right. All that evening she exasperated me beyond measure by her stolen glances; and in the morning, when I heard Bertie Noyce's voice outside inquiring for me, the delight in her eyes drove me to my room with a headache, which prevented my accompanying Mr. Noyce and the girls on a few miles' tramp up some mountain.

By degrees I think even she saw the utter futility of planning for me, and with only an occasional pull up, I was allowed to go my own way. And that was a very sweet way indeed. I would wander off in the morning, sometimes accompanying the girls in their tramps (for, thank fortune, we were all good walkers, and had been blessed with health); sometimes take a boat and row over to the islands, spending the day there, until hunger warned me to return; and in the evening I would retire to a sheltered spot on the rocks under the shadow of the cliffs, and give myself up to the melancholy pleasure of reviewing my life, until, utterly broken in spirit, I would retire to my room. A very unsociable, morbid being I was, and I have often wondered how the others tolerated me; and especially strange did Bertie Noyce's friendship seem to me. For his friendship I did gain, and at one time I thought —nay, I hoped—it was going to be something more; but that is past. We made friends one evening about ten days after our arrival at Mount Aubert. I had had a bad headache all day, consequent upon Mr. Noyce's proposal to my sisters and myself of a walk up Brown Mountain, and had found my favorite nook in the rocks occupied, so that by evening my mind was in a state of revolt against the world in general. I knew the girls had returned from their mountain expedition, for I had heard them laughingly bid Bertie Noyce good-by not an hour before, but I felt in no mood for their society; so, slipping quietly out of the cottage with a shawl on my arm, I hastened to the Indian encampment, hoping that I might not be too late for a canoe. Louis, my favorite among the Indians (if you can call a man who confesses to having had red hair in his youth an Indian), was standing on the beach.

"A canoe?" he asked, as I approached. "Yes, I got him. You want me too?"

Not being a paddler myself, I assented, and Louis pulled up one of his smaller canoes, placing skins in the bottom of it.

Just as I stepped in, a voice behind me exclaimed, "I'll paddle Miss Loring, Louis," and before I could speak, Bertie Noyce was in the canoe, and we were half a dozen yards from land.

"Now don't be indignant, Miss Loring; only tell me where you want to go, and I'll promise not to speak one word without permission."

"Around Bald Island," I replied, leaning my head back on my shawl and resigning myself. If he insisted upon being my companion, how could I help it? He should have no enjoyment out of it, at any rate, I determined, and plenty of work. So on we glided, in and out of the many yachts congregated in the harbor, past the line of shore, till we found ourselves near Bald Island.

"Shall we land?" asked my silent boatman. I replied in the affirmative.

How weird it seemed to be gliding over the waters in perfect silence, drifting like a second Elaine! and Bertie being behind me, I could indulge the sweet fancy that I was alone. We landed, and Bertie, pulling, as he supposed, the canoe firmly on shore, joined me in a walk to the top of the island.

"May I talk to you now, Miss Nona?"

"Yes, if you have anything worth saying."

Bertie gave me a queer smile; then, extending his hand, said, "Miss Nona, have I offended you this evening in taking possession of you and your canoe?"

"Oh no"—disregarding his hand.

"And may I speak to you as I would to a friend?—though you don't act much like one," putting his hand in his pocket.

"I am friendly enough to you, Mr. Noyce; our acquaintance is by no means intimate."

"I want to ask why you act in this way. Now, frankly, Miss Nona, I have found you pleasant enough when alone, but, by George! you are stiff and hard to talk to when with others. Have I offended you?"

"No."

"Then why do you always refuse to go with me? When your sisters join me in tramps, you always have a headache. There must be some reason."

"Oh, the beautiful night!" I exclaimed, rather irrelevantly, it must be confessed; to which Bertie replied by actually seizing my hand.

"Answer me, Miss Nona. I care more for your good opinion than for that of others."

"Pshaw!" I exclaimed, the color of mortification springing to my cheeks. Did he think me a fool? I was not to be flattered in that way, simple as I looked.

"I shall return to the canoe," I continued, quite angrily. "I have no intention of being laughed at."

I retraced my steps, Bertie following. To our consternation, the canoe had drifted away, and it was now long past sunset. I must confess that for a moment I accused Bertie of purposely playing me this trick, but his astonishment was equal to mine.

"I am indeed sorry," was all he said; but he gave me a reproachful look, as though reading my unspoken thought. I could not blame him then, poor fellow.

"What am I to do?" I cried. "Oh, I wish you had never come!"

"Dear Miss Nona, I will help you, and we shall be home again before long;" and he pulled off his coat, wrapping me up in it most tenderly. Then he attached his handkerchief to a long stick, and placed it in my hands.

"I will go to the other side of the island, and look out for a passing boat," he said. "Keep your eye on this side, and shout as loud as you can when you see one." And he was off.

A terrible hour succeeded, one of anxiety and fear, and my courage was fast failing, when a cheery voice sounded just above me:

"Help is coming, Miss Nona!" and down rushed Bertie, waving his hat. And, sure enough, a boat appeared, rounding the point, and coming to our rescue. As I stepped into it, Bertie held out his hand. "Surely we are friends now, Miss Nona?"

I did not refuse him, and from that moment a mutual liking sprang up between us. And it was not very long before he put my friendship to the test.

Although we were in the midst of cottages and hotels, I had never made acquaintance with any of the inmates; indeed, I had shrunk from doing so. My sisters had often joined in expeditions from the different hotels, had spent many an evening dancing or walking on the piazzas, but so far I had kept myself religiously aloof, not caring to drive all their pleasure away by my melancholy presence. One day Bertie joined me on the rocks—our usual starting-point for any walk—and seating himself beside me, said, "Now I am going to ask a favor of you, Miss Nona." My expression was doubtless that of intense anxiety, for Bertie continued, re-assuringly: "Oh, it is not a labor of Hercules; don't look so frightened. It is the sacrifice of a very wrong principle of yours—that of exclusiveness."

I drew away. He did not understand my motive, I was sure. Again I was to be misunderstood, and find my friend but common clay, and influenced by the opinion of others.

"Do not look so offended. After all, it can scarcely be a principle—only a freak. Now, Miss Nona, I want you to promise to go where I will and with whom I will for once. Am I a despot?" and he smiled, while his kind brown eyes gazed inquiringly upon me.

"You ask very much, Mr. Noyce," I replied; "but I suppose I *am* in your debt. Where and with whom am I to go? I will pay what I owe you."

A cloud crossed his forehead.

"So you will not do me a favor, only pay your debts? Never mind, then, Miss Nona. Shall we spend the afternoon here? Give me your Browning; I will read that deliciously harmonious poem, 'Abt Vogler,' to you."

"No," I cried; "you know I could not accept your gift. Come, I will go with you where you will, and with whom you will."

Bertie gave me a grateful look, and, making no reply, led the way toward "Roman's," the fashionable hotel of the place. I followed blindly, suppressing as best I could the tears that choked me, and was very near turning back when I saw the crowd gathered on the piazza. However, my word was given; nothing should make me break that. So we ascended the steps, and approaching a small group at one end, Bertie presented me. I heard no names; my mind seemed a blank until I heard Bertie say: "Miss Loring has consented to join us all. I hope Glen Brook is our destination." The company agreed, and we started off. There were ten of us; and after we were fully on our way, I found courage enough to examine my companions. Mr. and Mrs. Payne had gone on first, three or four young people following closely behind them; then came Miss Coles with her attendant, Mr. Kaye, talking deeply on metaphysical subjects; then Bertie and I.

"Was I very cruel, Miss Nona?" whispered he, as the others walked on.

"Not very," I replied, rather reluctantly; "but it is a great proof of friendship."

"And I take it so."

Just then we heard a voice calling to us from behind, and, turning, perceived some one walking very fast to overtake us.

"I concluded to come, after all," said a very sweet voice with a slight accent. "May I walk with you, as Mrs. Payne is too far on for me to join her?"

"We are very glad of your company, Miss—" began Bertie.

"Dale," replied she, smiling sweetly, the dimples chasing each other over her cheeks. And so Anita Dale came among us, the fairest, brightest friend I ever had. She was half French, and her accent was one of her charms. I remember exactly how she looked that very day in her gray and scarlet mountain suit, and I think the memory will never pass from me. Not tall or slight, but rather full, as foreign girls often are, with golden hair dancing in the sun. She always gave me a feeling of trust, of perfect honesty, and I never knew her do aught to contradict it.

As she walked with us, her flat, flower-covered hat slipping continually to one side, displaying the wavy gold of her hair, her blue eyes glancing from Bertie to me, her smile sweet and friendly, her firm, quick step, all interested and fascinated me. Bertie too felt her influence, and talked as I had never heard him. The two miles seemed but a step, interested and entertained as we were all the way. At the brook we found Miss Coles and Mr. Kaye waiting for us. The others had gone on; so these two, not unwilling to have a comfortable resting-place while their learned courtship continued, had volunteered to wait for us laggards.

Our walk up Glen Brook was prolonged indefinitely; indeed, the cooling shade of the trees, the music of the running waters, all had such delight for us that we concluded to remain until evening, and walk home by moonlight. No one would be anxious at our non-arrival, for the rule of Mount Aubert was to be bound by none, and often parties going out for a morning climb had extended it to an all-day's expedition. As to supper, we all agreed that that was a consideration unworthy of man as a higher animal. So there we staid, beguiling time with singing from Miss Dale, and a sweet, pathetic tenor, Mr. Jasper, while bright, energetic little Miss Allen gave us ghost stories by the dozen. One couple, certainly old enough to know better, seized the opportunity to lose themselves in the woods, from which perilous position they were finally extricated, and our classically beautiful chaperon, Mrs. Payne, dispensed smiles and pleasant words to all. It was a day in a hundred, and I, even I, enjoyed it. Seldom was I addressed, but I absorbed all the beauty and wit around me, until I almost felt myself a part of it. They were kind, very kind, to me, and one of the last remarks made, as Bertie and I left them that evening at "Roman's," was,

"Now, Miss Loring, be sure you go with us again."

The last was from Bertie: "I will call for you, then, to-morrow evening at seven, Miss Dale."

Somehow this jarred upon me, for it was by silence that I responded to Bertie's "Is not Miss Dale like a strong, purifying mountain breeze?" and yet I agreed with him. "She reminds me," he continued, half musing, "of what an eminent man said of Lessing in a lecture I heard last winter, of the influence upon people, and—"

"Here we are at the cottage! Good-night, Mr. Noyce," I replied, my heart too full for words. And so I left him.

The next morning I did not go to our usual trysting-place on the rocks. One, two, even three days went by; then Bertie came for me. And then I knew how dear he had grown.

He proposed a drive to one of the "Heads," that we might have a scramble once more over the cliffs. His manner was strangely different; there was a shadow, a nameless something, between us.

"Mr. Noyce," I began three times before he heard me, "what is it? Why are we so unable to comprehend each other to-day?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Nona; I believe I am sadly *distrait*."

"*Distrait*" he called what to me was utter indifference.

"Can I help you? Are you in any trouble?"

He did not answer, for we had reached our destination, and helping me out of the wagon, we crossed the field in silence. Once on the cliff, sheltered in a ledge, he turned quietly toward me.

"Can you help me? Am I in any trouble? Yes, to both. The trouble I can not quite define. Do I know it myself by name? You can help me, Miss Nona. Will you?"

"Willingly," I replied, a chill as of presentiment running over me. "What can I do?"

"You can give me a wife's love. That surely will be my stronghold and comfort."

Oh, what terrible agony I suffered in that moment! Bertie's love, his tender care, around me. Surely it was my guardian angel offering me this. To reclaim me from the morbid, melancholy state into which I had fallen was this blessed boon sent to me. Now I could hold up my head, and consider myself born to some purpose. The cup was sweet; for that reason I dashed it from my lips. What was I that I could hope to make his life happy? Did I not know there was that within me which would wear out his love, would shadow his whole existence, and in time make him curse the day upon which he met me! Had I a strong or noble character? Was I worthy or capable of responsibilities that had wearied and worn out the lives of better and stronger than I? With my whole heart I held my arms out to him; with my whole mind I cast him from me. He did not love me. I felt it; I knew it. What was I to come between him and happiness? His love for me! Ay, he had spoken of mine for him, not of his for me. So I sat, my hands trembling, my heart fluttering, and, as I spoke, feeling made my voice grow hard and cold.

"Yes," I replied, "you do need a wife's love to be a comfort to you. As your friend, I tell you so. As your friend, I add, we will forget *this*."

Bertie could not credit me.

"Nona, you refuse me, then?"

"Mr. Noyce, you are sadly in error. You have no love for me; only a friend's pity. And now let us consider the subject ended."

"I do not consider it so," he replied, eagerly; "not until you tell me positively that you refuse me, once for all."

"I do."

We reached home some way after that, how, I could not tell, though I heard the birds sing and smelled the sweet fragrance of the pine-trees as we passed. And now, whenever I inhale the sadly loved perfume of the pine, I am carried back to the day when I was spared the misery of wrecking two lives. Why had he asked me? I questioned continually. It was not until later that I comprehended the wherefore.

Bertie had grown a dear companion, and his nature, being affectionate and sympathetic, responded to the want and longing in me for true, heart-born friendship. He understood my thoughts (differing so widely from his) from that very intuitive sympathy that was part of him, and he had accustomed himself to consider me as necessary to his enjoyment. Suddenly he was conscious of a deeper, more engrossing feeling, and what wonder that he mistook this indefinable something to be love for me? Was he not used to me? Strange, however, that it did not occur to him that when Anita Dale called he was willing —ay, more than willing—to leave my side. Could it, then, be love for *me* that filled his heart? No; after the first intoxicating moment I knew it could not be. I was nothing in my own sight; I must never hope to be aught in the sight of others.

Bertie gradually realized the truth of my words. The awakening was rapid. Strong, noble Anita, you were his true soul-companion; you could elevate and comfort, while being a power with him. She told me of her happiness herself; and though my heart was bleeding, I found words to tell her what I was sure she would be to him.

"And I am his friend," I ended, "and yours now, forever."

That day I wandered down on the rocks far from home, near Osborne's Point, where the waves dashed up around me. As I sat there, idly throwing stones into the water, half fearful of wounding the ripples, the air seemed to grow colder, and the sun to hide itself. I looked up, and beheld the islands wrapped in clouds of dun-colored mist, a pale, faint tinge of pink resting on the edge. On this army of clouds came, by degrees embracing island after island, and reaching to the coast; then, when enveloped in this beautiful mist, I laid my head down, and wept as I had not wept for many a day.

The sea grew wilder and wilder, the waves dashing and crushing themselves beneath my feet. Then a mad impulse to throw myself in their midst came upon me. Their cold embrace would calm my poor heart, would still forever the terrible agony that was surging in my brain.

I did not stop to think of suffering, of wickedness—ay, for surely in that one moment, when my feet led me to the very edge of the rock, and cast me down from that height, I *was* mad.

I awoke to consciousness, for even that step had failed to give me the hoped-for release, and Anita's sweet face was bending over me.

"Dear me!" she whispered; "was it not a blessed thing that Bertie and I were so near when you fell from the rocks?"

So *he* had saved me! The life was a gift to me now from *him!* I would take it so, and when he came in, earnest and grave, the resolution to make my life worthy his gift had formed itself in my mind.

No longer Mimosa, I would be active, working, that my life should have a purpose. And it came to me once that perhaps I might give to others the benefit of a lesson learned by me, and casting aside the habit of introspection, pour forth unto all the world the blessed truths that all sorrow is sent for our good.

THE LIGHT HEART.

My siller an' gold I hae had to tine,
An' lost are the lands that ance were mine;
The stranger sits down in my father's ha'—
For when ye begin, 'tis easy to fa'.
If my heart werna light, I think I wad dee;
But when I was poorest it aye said to me:
"There's your wark: begin it!
He's worth gold can win it;
Penny's always penny's brither;
A gude penny brings anither."
Sae rather than cry, Alas an' alack!
I'm doing my best to win a' things back.

Many guid friends I had ance on a day,
But they went wi' the siller an' land away.
When I needed nae help, I had plenty o' proffer;
When I needed help maist, I hadna an offer.
If my heart werna light, I think I'd been dead;
But aye when I fretted it cheerily said:
"There's your wark: begin it!
Friendship!—you must win it.
If first to yoursel you'll be true,
True friends you'll find mair than eneu'.
For friendship gie friendship, not siller an' gold."
An' I'm thankfu' I did just what I was told.

Sometimes the days are eerie an' dreary;
Sometimes my wark is lonesome an' weary;
I mind o' the feasting, dancing, an' daffing,
The music an' love, the sunshine an' laughing;
An' I think if my heart werna light I wad greet;
But aye it maks answer, sae couthie an' sweet:
"Say it's dark above ye,
Say there's nane to love ye;
Plenty o' folk are glad an' dear,
Plenty o' folk hae gold an' gear.
It's mean for yoursel to be always repining,
For somewhere on earth the sun is aye shining."

Sae I winna be sorry for a' that is gane;
Murky or sunny, I'll never complain
As lang as my heart is sae canty an' light;
Nae matter what comes, a' is sure to be right.
If fashed for mysel, then for ithers I'll say,
On somebody's head there is sunshine to-day.
Busy the lee-lang day,
Singing the hours away;
Never was I sae happy before;
Never for gold or siller in store
Wad I gie up the cheerfu' leal friend at my side,
For hadna my heart been sae light I had died.

THE DYNAMITE GUN.

Ever since dynamite came into use the possibility of employing it as a substitute for gunpowder in shell firing has been discussed. The fatal obstacle at the threshold of all experiments and all projects of experiment seemed to be that the charge of powder propelling the shell would, by its sudden action, explode the dynamite before it could issue from the gun, and destroy everything around it. Most experiments made on a large scale in this direction have, in fact, ended disastrously. The questions arose, Must the use of this powerful explosive in artillery be abandoned? Could not some other propelling power, operating with a less violent initial shock, be substituted? The thought occurred that compressed air would furnish the needed substitute, and out of that conception has resulted the present dynamite gun.

The illustrations which we publish on page 201 show the manner in which this idea has thus far been worked out. The first point to attract attention is the great length of the gun, which is built of brass, and rests on a steel-webbed truss. A gun tube forty feet long and only four inches in diameter is novel, but this form of construction is necessary in order to get the full advantage of the projective force of the compressed air, which is low compared with that of the gases evolved from gunpowder. The initial and sustained action is less in the former case, but is compensated for by its longer continuance. The compressed air is admitted from the strong air reservoir into the gun tube behind the projectile by a simple pressure of the gunner's finger. A dynamite gun of two inches' bore, now undergoing experiments by artillery officers at Fort Hamilton, has been used with a pressure of about 500 pounds to the square inch; a four-inch gun, in process of construction, is expected to sustain 2000 pounds to the square inch, and it is believed that a pressure of 3000 pounds will eventually be employed. That is only another form of saying that a projectile with a kernel of 100 pounds of dynamite may be thrown a mile, or even two miles, with sufficient accuracy to make it a most formidable implement of destruction on land or sea.

The projectile, which has an elongated shape, is of metal, inclosing and protecting the charge of dynamite, while the explosion is produced by a percussion fuse in the head of the projectile, on striking its object. Attached to the base is a wooden sabot, a frustum of a cone. This is designed to act like the feathers on an arrow.

While this system is capable theoretically of application wherever artillery is employed, its readiest and most effective use will doubtless be as a powerful auxiliary in river and harbor defense, in siege operations, and on shipboard. The guns are so light that a small launch, fifty or sixty feet long, could carry two of them, each capable of throwing a hundred pounds of dynamite at every discharge. For siege operations this gun must also be desirable, because it is so easily transported. If necessary, it can be taken apart and carried about piecemeal; and, with this extreme portability, it can be placed in position in the parallels in a single night, whereas it might be the labor of weeks to bring up and plant an ordinary siege-gun of large calibre. It would be easy to put the condensing engines and the air reservoirs under-ground, where they could not be reached by hostile fire. Objections may be made to the use of this extra apparatus in artillery; but, as a fact, steam-engines are required now in the handling of the heaviest modern ordnance, and on shipboard only a small extra engine would be needed, connecting with the vessel's boilers.

A consideration of high importance for our own country is the rapidity and slight cost with which these dynamite guns can be built. Such works as the Delamater could turn out a gun a day, carriage and all complete, after the plant was once established, which would be a matter of a month at most. It should be clearly understood, however, that these dynamite guns, after all, would be only an auxiliary of defense, not superseding the necessity for additional heavy modern ordnance. Still, with the great length of time required for supplying heavy guns for our coasts and harbors, the speed and the light expense with which these dynamite guns could be manufactured must cause the present experiments with them to have great public interest and importance.

The gun now at Fort Hamilton has been fired with a charge of sand, in lieu of dynamite, to test the ballistic qualities, at a target on the slopes of Fort Wadsworth, a distance of 2100 yards, with a pressure of 420 pounds to the square inch. The results have been entirely satisfactory as to the line firing, but somewhat scattering in the matter of range. This is ascribable to the hand valve, which makes the pressure somewhat irregular. The larger gun now under construction will have an automatic valve for admitting uniformly the compressed air, and this, if it fulfills expectations, should give even greater accuracy than powder guns as to range. At South Norwalk and Detroit more than a hundred dynamite charges, it is said, have been fired in the two-inch gun. Since much must still be done in the way of experiment by private enterprise, the government should undoubtedly extend all needed facilities for that purpose.

DUTCH COSTUMES.

The most peculiar costumes are to be found among the islanders of the north of Holland. Some of the women are dressed in garments which give them the appearance of a semi-barbarous race; while the men are mostly attired in enormously wide breeches and loosely fitting jackets made of exceedingly coarse and strong materials.

The male peasants of Zeeland usually wear jackets and knee-breeches of black velveteen, gray worsted stockings, scarlet waistcoats, closed entirely to the throat, and having in front a row of silver buttons as closely set together as it is possible for them to be, while two large silver bosses are attached to a belt round the waist.

The partiality for buttons exhibited by the Zeelanders is remarkable. To judge from the number they wear on their garments, one would suppose dressing and undressing to be with them an exceedingly tedious process.

I have read of an eccentric Dutchman, the master of a fishing smack, who used to pride himself on wearing a suit of coarse blue serge, the coat of which is described as having been buttoned with *rijksdaalders* (coins worth about a dollar each), the waistcoat with *gulden*, the trousers with *half-gulden*, and the waistband with *kwartjes* (about the size of an English sixpence). Then his check shirt had for buttons *dubbeltjes* (silver twopences); he wore two large silver coins, instead of buckles, on his shoes, and a *rijksdaalder* in front of his hat.

THE PHILADELPHIA POST-OFFICE.

This magnificent granite building, erected for the post-office, the United States courts, and other departments of the general government, stands at the corner of Chestnut and Ninth streets, fronting on the latter. The façade presents a stretch of nearly five hundred feet of massive masonry, with 118 windows, 180 Ionic fluted shafts, and ten immense doorways, porticoed with large granite columns standing in groups of two at each side. The central part of the front rises to the height of five stories, the upper story forming a part of the dome, which is heavy, but not high. This central part is five windows wide down to the great central portico inclosing the three central doors, which have also a window at each side. It projects somewhat beyond the rest of the building. On each side of the centre are three sections, each varying in projection.

A special feature of the Ninth Street façade is the colossal allegorical group in marble crowning the central pavilion. One can not but regret that the height at which it is placed renders it difficult to obtain a satisfactory view of it from the street.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

It is estimated that the *Jeannette* expedition will have cost the government over a quarter of a million dollars when all the bills chargeable under this head have been paid.

The country will please tread lightly. Mr. Keely has discharged all his assistants, and locked himself up with the unjoined parts of his motor.

It is strange that they should prefer the Frenchy name of Dynamiteurs to the plain American name of O'Dynamiters.

A company has been organized in Philadelphia to catch porpoises. It is claimed that by making the most of every part the company will make each creature yield a little over twenty-five dollars. The probable catch is put at forty a day, and the net profit for the season at a hundred and sixty thousand dollars—not counting the value of such boojums and snarks as may be caught with the porpoises.

"I, Nikanor, am come with Herakleia—drunk." Such is the translation of a line which Professor Sayce has found scrawled in Greek on the ruins of the temple of Seti, at Abydos, and archæologists are disputing as to which person was the intoxicated one. It may be supposed that the temple was at that time in use as a police station, that Nikanor was a policeman, and that Herakleia was his prisoner. Upon this hypothesis it may be reasonably held that Nikanor was drunk, and Herakleia had suffered a stroke of apoplexy in the street.

It turns out that El Mahdi has eighteen wives. He is the man whom General Gordon was going to send home by moral suasion.

A London jeweller has taken to making bracelets and a number of similar ornaments of iron. The articles are said to possess much beauty of both design and execution, but rich people will not buy them because they fear they will become common, and poor people stand shy of them because they are so dreadfully cheap.

Walk-around-and-Talk is the name of a Sioux Indian girl now in this city. She was named after a book agent that once visited the tribe.

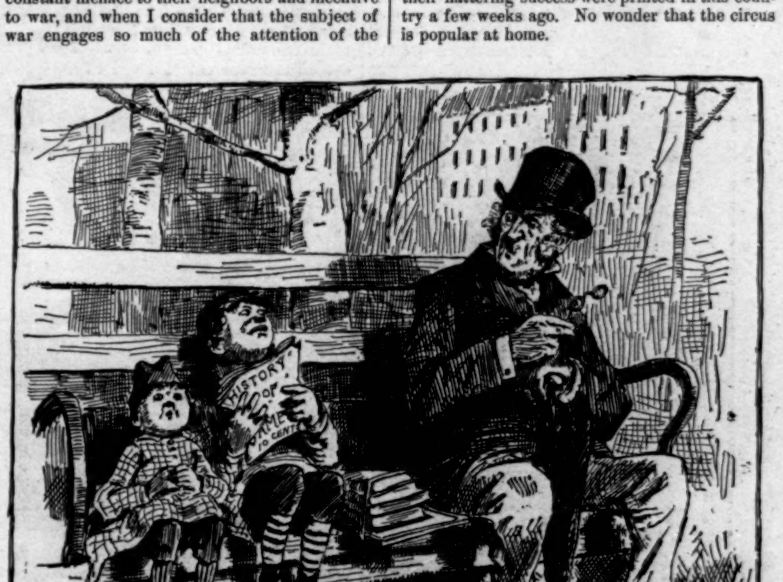
In France a company has been organized to provide facilities for finding and restoring to their owners articles lost in trains, cabs, and elsewhere. Each subscriber's name is to be registered against a number in a book, and that number is to be marked on such articles as he thinks he may lose. It is expected that finders will send the articles found to an office of the company. A firm of locksmiths in London has long followed a similar system for the restoration of lost rings of keys.

Addressing a congregation in Baltimore on his return from Rome, Archbishop Gibbons said that the more he saw of Europe the more grateful was he that he was an American citizen. In the course of his address he presented these contrasts: "When I contemplate the standing armies of over a million soldiers in each of the principal countries of Europe; when I consider what an enormous drain these armies are on the resources of a country, and what a frightful source of immorality; when I consider that they are a constant menace to their neighbors and incentive to war, and when I consider that the subject of war engages so much of the attention of the cabinets of Europe; and when, on the other hand, I look upon our own country, with its fifty-five millions of inhabitants, and its little army of twenty-five thousand men scattered along our frontiers; when I consider that if needs be every citizen is a soldier without being confined in a barracks, and is ready to defend and to die for his country . . . —I bless God for the favors He has vouchsafed us."

An "old member" in Congress is represented as having said to a Washington reporter, in an awful whisper and a melodramatic way: "There are lots of members of the House you couldn't get to sit there" (*i. e.*, in a line of seats alluded to as Fatality Row). "When the seats are drawn at the opening of each Congress, some of the members who know of the fatality that hangs about these seats are uncomfortable until they are all gone, for fear it will fall to their lot to get one; and when it comes to choosing between these and the otherwise less desirable seats in the rear, they always take a back seat." Only the novices fresh from their constituents sit in these seats. As the country grows, and the fatality which attaches to this row of chairs becomes known, it will probably be a common thing to see a row of Congressmen sitting on a fence in the neighborhood of the Capitol, and declaring that the country will not catch them throwing away their lives by sitting in Fatality Row.

The cable has announced that the young gentlemen of Paris have revolted against the regulation evening dress suit, and are arraying themselves in blue and brass as to their bodies, and pearl gray as to their legs. It is the opinion of tailors here that inasmuch as London sets the fashion in men's dress for Paris as well as for New York, the puny effort of the young Parisians to raise themselves above the level of claw-hammer-coated nothingness must fail. If there are any young gentlemen on this side of the water who feel as though they must appear in blue and brass, they can join a militia company and affect aversion for all civic gatherings.

It is not necessary to proclaim it in Boston, Philadelphia, and other sister cities, but it seems to be a fact that grand opera can't quite hold its own with the circus in this metropolis of ours. There are a good many worthy and wealthy people here who are capable of appreciating to the utmost the masterly flip-flaps executed in the tan of the circus ring, but who are a little uncertain when to applaud at the opera. To an equal if not greater extent this is undoubtedly true of every other city in the United States; only New York is put to a disadvantage by being subjected to the test, while no other city is in danger of being placed in a position where it must honestly show its preference or practice self-denial for appearance' sake. Love of the circus is a national weakness—or characteristic, rather—and it is so general among the best men and women of the land that the circus ring has been the abode of moral shows quite as much as, if not rather more than, the operatic stage has been. If it is said on the other side of the water that Americans are incapable of appreciating the opera, it is also said on this side that Europeans are not capable of fully appreciating the circus. But our cousins need not so remain, for a few wealthy and agile young men from the New World are even now engaged not only in teaching the people of Europe to love the circus, but in giving them instructions in the tricks of the sawdust inclosure. Accounts of their flattering success were printed in this country a few weeks ago. No wonder that the circus is popular at home.

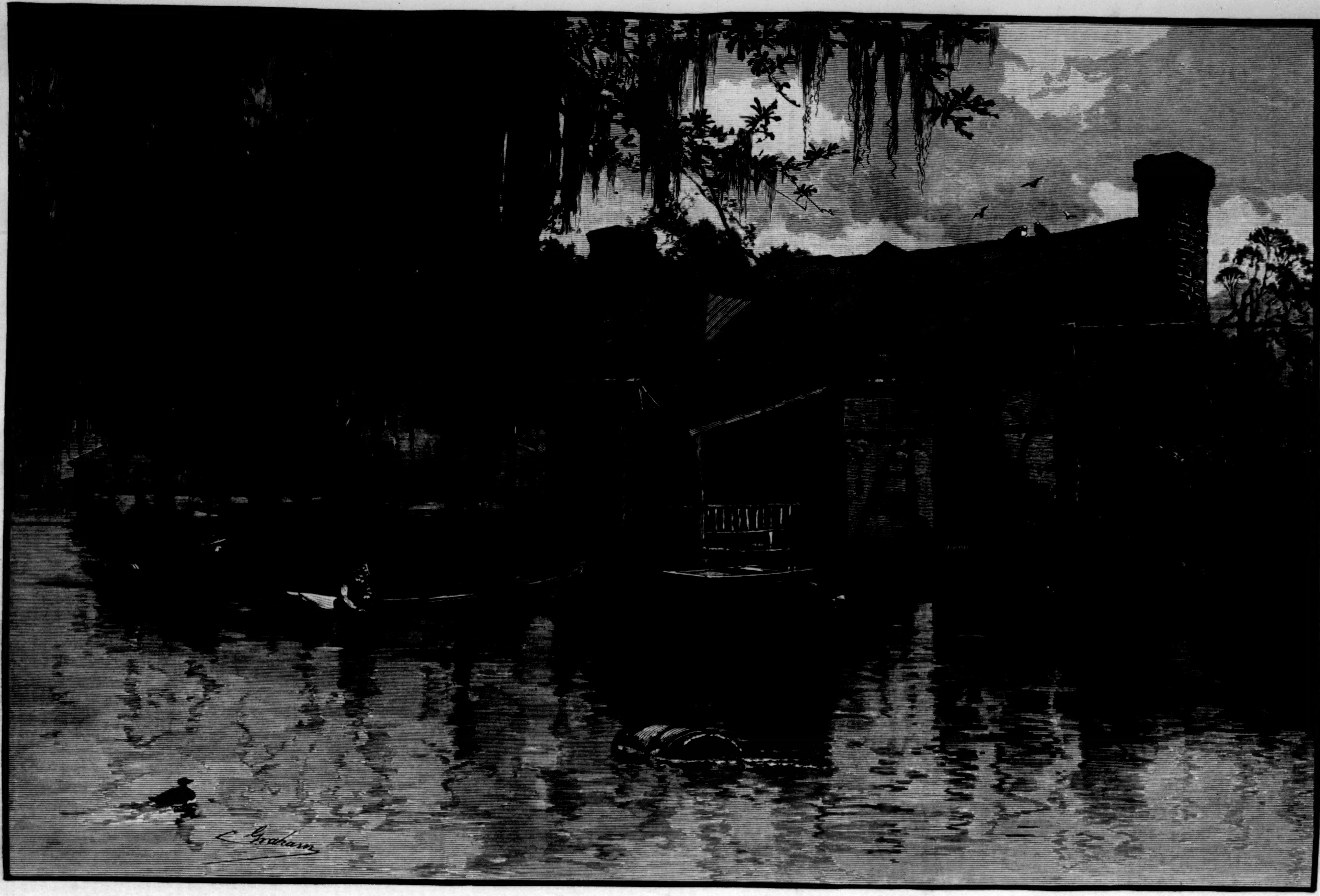


DIME EDUCATION.

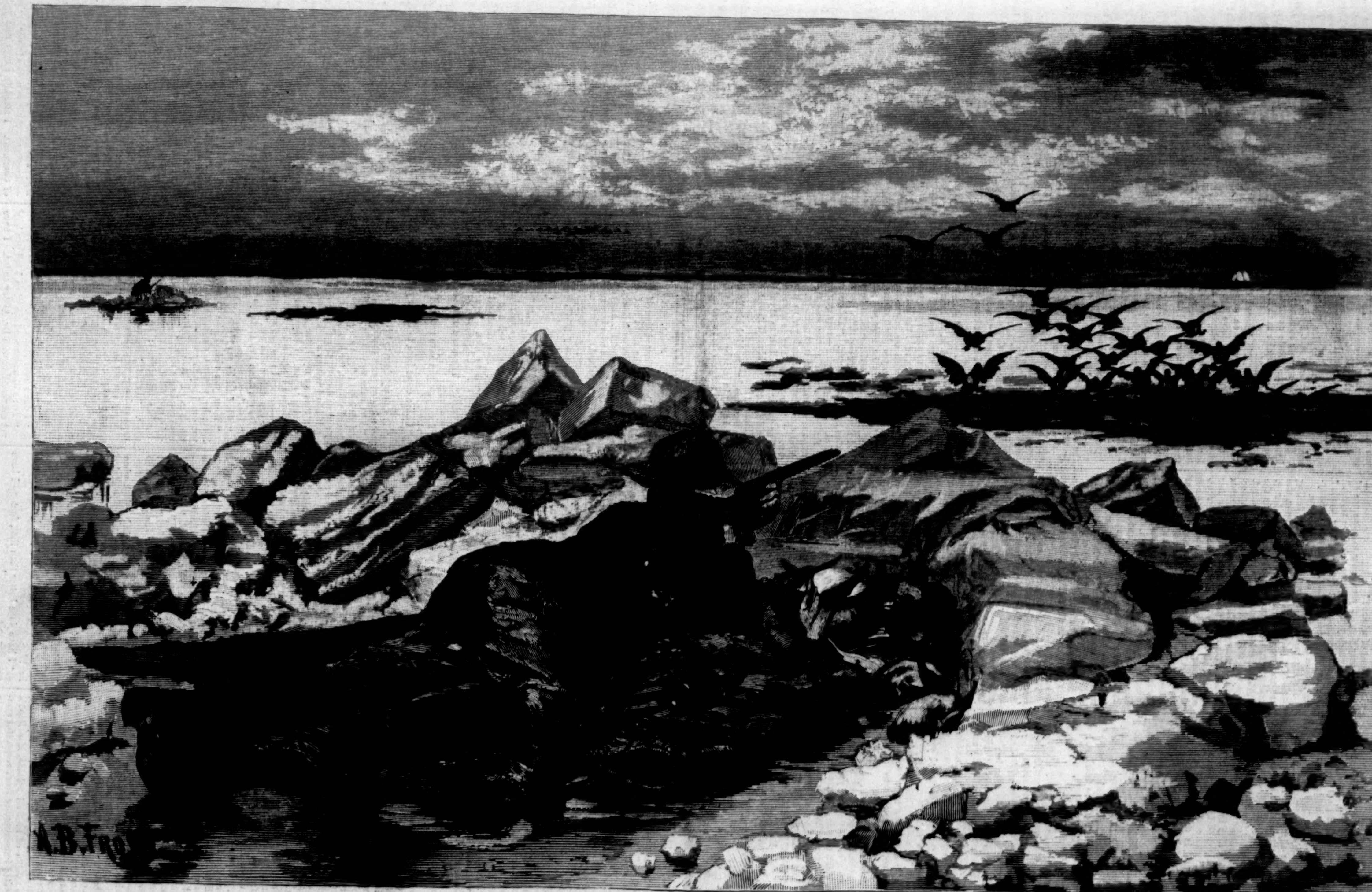
Philanthropical Old Gentleman. "That's it, my little men—studying hard, I see. Nothing like history. Suppose you tell me something about James the First?"

Boy. "He warn't called no *first* in this book. His name was Jesse, and he was a buster. Wasn't he, Sid?"

Sid. "You bet—every time!"



THE FLOODS IN THE TECHE COUNTRY, LOUISIANA.—From a Sketch by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 207.]



A POT-HUNTER.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 207.]

THE GRATEFUL HEART.

A PRAYER.

(On commencing my Eightieth Year.)

I.

Each morn I offer up a Grateful Heart
For Life and Health and Strength,
Bright Age and Hope;
And I behold Death's shining dart
(Poised at full length)
As through faith's helioscope;
For I feel sure the Power that made
The substance rules the Essence and the Shade.

II.

O Life! from what far date—
Impossible to dream
As count the motes that in each solar beam
For centuries back might fade or concentrate.
O Life! thy wondrous gift
To me, if accidental, is the same;
And I a Grateful Heart uplift
Before a visionary altar-flame.
My spirit and my blood,
Pure and impure, they are my best,
And would be perfect if they could.

III.

But Life, how art thou multiplied
When sterling Health is thine heirloom!
It is the tree in constant bloom,
With fruit forever close beside.

And if rare strength be also thine,
Thou shouldst with grateful heart-throb feel
Thou hast within thee means to shine
Beyond the warrior's burnished steel.

Then for the Right courageous ever be;
Pray for a will to back thy noblest hope;
Strive for the utmost good within thy scope,
Parading never false humility.

IV.

But if bright Age through lengthened years
O'erarch thee in a rainbow span,
Pray to work ever—white-hair'd man!—
With aims ne'er dashed by tears or fears;
Glad to live on, unwilling yet to die,
But ready for the hour,
As of a soft, revivifying shower,
With hopes beyond, chastened by resignation,
Here to await, or dart above yon sky
(Like a child reaching at a star,
Naught for man's hope can be too far),
Dust unto dust, or realized aspiration.
With thy last smile, thy last faint sigh,
Be trustful in Life's grand Infinity.

Richard Hengist Horne.

December 31, 1882.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE SECOND.

IN LONDON.

CHAPTER XXX.

LADY DORIS.

The arrival of Miss Ladd some time before she had been expected interrupted the two girls at a critical moment. She had hurried over her business in London, eager to pass the rest of the day with her favorite pupil. Emily's affectionate welcome was, in some degree at least, inspired by a sensation of relief. To feel herself in the embrace of the warm-hearted school-mistress was like finding a refuge from Francine.

When the hour of departure arrived, Miss Ladd invited Emily to Brighton for the second time. "On the last occasion, my dear, you wrote me an excuse; I won't be treated in that way again. If you can't return with us now, come to-morrow." She added, in a whisper, "Otherwise, I shall think you include *me* in your dislike of Francine."

There was no resisting this. It was arranged that Emily should go to Brighton on the next day.

Left by herself, her thoughts might have reverted to Mrs. Ellmother's doubtful prospects, and to Francine's strange allusion to her life in the West Indies, but for the arrival of two letters by the afternoon post. The handwriting of one of them was unknown to her. She opened that one first. It was an answer to the letter of apology, which she had persisted in writing to Mrs. Rook. Happily for herself, Alban's influence had not been without its effect, after his departure. She had written kindly, but she had written briefly at the same time.

Mrs. Rook's reply presented a nicely compounded mixture of gratitude and grief. The gratitude was addressed to Emily as a matter of course. The grief related to her "excellent master." Sir Jervis's strength had suddenly failed. His medical attendant, being summoned, had expressed no surprise. "My patient is over seventy years of age," the doctor remarked. "He will sit up late at night, writing his book; and he refuses to take exercise, till headache and giddiness force him to try the fresh air. As the necessary result, he has broken down at last. It may end in paralysis, or it may end in death." Reporting this expression of medical opinion, Mrs. Rook's letter glided imperceptibly from respectful sympathy to modest regard for her own interests in the future. It might be the sad fate of her husband and herself to be thrown on the world again. If necessity brought them to London, would "kind Miss Emily grant her the honor of an interview, and favor a poor unlucky woman with a word of advice?"

"She may pervert your letter to some use of her own, which you may have reason to regret." Did Emily remember Alban's warning words? No: she accepted Mrs. Rook's reply as a gratifying tribute to the justice of her own opinions.

Having proposed to write to Alban, feeling penitently that she had been in the wrong, she was now readier than ever to send him a letter, feeling compassionately that she had been in the right. Besides, it was due to the faithful friend, who was still working for her in the reading-room, that he should be informed of Sir Jervis's illness. Whether the old man lived or whether he died, his literary labors were fatally interrupted in either case, and one of the consequences would be the termination of her employment at the Museum. Although the second of the two letters which she had received was addressed to her in Cecilia's handwriting, Emily waited to read it until she had first written to Alban. "He will come to-morrow," she thought, "and we shall both make apologies. I shall regret that I was angry with him, and he will regret that he was mistaken in his judgment of Mrs. Rook. We shall be as good friends again as ever."

In this happy frame of mind she opened Cecilia's letter. It was full of good news from first to last.

The invalid sister had made such rapid progress toward recovery that the travellers had arranged to set forth on their journey back to England in a fortnight. "My one regret," Cecilia added, "is the parting with Lady Doris. She and her husband are going to Genoa, where they will embark in Lord Janeaway's yacht for a cruise in the Mediterranean. When we have said that miserable word good-by, oh, Emily, what a hurry I shall be in to get back to you! Those allusions to your lonely life are so dreadful, my dear, that I have destroyed your letter; it is enough to break one's heart only to look at it. When once I get to London, there shall be no more solitude for my poor afflicted friend. Papa will be free from his Parliamentary duties in August, and he has promised to have the house full of delightful people to meet you. Who do you think will be one of our guests? He is illustrious; he is fascinating; he deserves a line all to himself, thus:

"The Reverend Miles Mirabel!"

"Lady Doris has discovered that the country parsonage in which this brilliant clergyman submits to exile is only twelve miles away from our house. She has written to Mr. Mirabel to introduce me, and to mention the date of my return. We will have some fun with the popular preacher—we will both fall in love with him together.

"Is there anybody to whom you would like me to send an invitation? Shall we have Mr. Alban Morris? Now I know how kindly he took care of you at the railway station, your good opinion of him is my opinion. Your letter also mentions a doctor. Is he nice? and do you think he will let me eat pastry if we have him too? I am so overflowing with hospitality (all for your sake) that I am ready to invite anybody and everybody to cheer you and make you happy again. Would you like to meet Miss Ladd and the whole school?

"As to our amusements, make your mind easy.

"I have come to a distinct understanding with papa that we are to have dances every evening—except when we try a little concert as a change. Private theatricals are to follow, when we want another change after the dancing and the music. No early rising; no fixed hour for breakfast; everything that is most exquisitely delicious at dinner, and, to crown all, your room next to mine, for delightful midnight gossipings, when we ought to be in bed. What do you say, darling, to the programme?

"A last piece of news, and I have done.

"I have actually had a proposal of marriage, from a young gentleman who sits opposite to me at the *table d'hôte*. When I tell you that he has white eyelashes, and red hands, and such enormous front teeth that he can't shut his mouth, you will not need to be told that I refused him. This vindictive person has abused me ever since in a most shameful manner. I heard him last night under my window trying to set one of his friends against me. 'Keep clear of her, my dear fellow; she's the most heartless creature living.' The friend took my part; he said, 'I don't agree with you; the young lady is a person of great sensibility.' 'Nonsense,' says my amiable lover; 'she eats too much—her sensibility is all stomach.' There's a wretch for you. What a shameful advantage to take of sitting opposite to me at dinner! Good-by, my love, till we meet soon, and are as happy together as the day is long."

Emily kissed the signature. At that moment of all others Cecilia was such a refreshing contrast to Francine.

Before putting the letter away, she looked again at that part of it which mentioned Lady Doris's introduction of Cecilia to Mr. Mirabel. "I don't feel the slightest interest in Mr. Mirabel," she thought, smiling, as the idea occurred to her, "and I need never have known him but for Lady Doris, who is a perfect stranger to me."

She had just placed the letter in her desk when a visitor was announced. Dr. Allday presented himself (in a hurry, as usual).

"Another patient waiting?" Emily asked, mischievously. "No time to spare again?"

"Not a moment," the old gentleman answered. "Have you heard from Mrs. Ellmother?"

"Yes."

"You don't mean to say you have answered her?"

"I have done better than that, doctor—I have seen her this morning."

"And consented to be her reference, of course?"

"How well you know me!"

Dr. Allday was a philosopher: he kept his temper. "Just what I might have expected," he said. "Eve and the apple. Only forbid a woman to do anything, and she does it directly—because you have forbidden her. I'll try the other way with you now, Miss Emily. There was something else that I meant to have forbidden."

"What was it?"

"May I make a special request?"

"Certainly."

"Oh, my dear, write to Mrs. Rook. I beg and entreat of you, write to Mrs. Rook."

Emily's playful manner suddenly disappeared. Ignoring the doctor's little outbreak of humor, she waited in grave surprise until it was his pleasure to explain himself.

Dr. Allday, on his side, ignored the ominous change in Emily: he went on as pleasantly as ever. "Mr. Morris and I have had a long talk about you, my dear. Mr. Morris is a capital fellow; I recommend him as a sweetheart. I also back him in the matter of Mrs. Rook. What's the matter now? You're as red as a rose. Temper again, eh?"

"Hatred of meanness," Emily answered, indignantly. "I despise a man who plots behind my back to get another man to help him. Oh, how I have been mistaken in Alban Morris!"

"Oh, how little you know of the best friend you have!" cried the doctor, imitating her. "Girls are all alike; the only man they can understand is the man who flatters them. *Will* you oblige me by writing to Mrs. Rook?"

Emily made an attempt to match the doctor with his own weapons. "Your little joke comes too late," she said, satirically. "There is Mrs. Rook's answer. Read it, and—" she checked herself: even in her anger she was incapable of speaking ungenerously to the old man who had so warmly befriended her. "I won't say to *you*," she resumed, "what I might have said to another person."

"Shall I say it for you?" asked the incorrigible doctor. "'Read it, and be ashamed of yourself;' that was what you had in your mind, isn't it? Anything to please you, my dear." He put on his spectacles, read the letter, and handed it back to Emily with an impenetrable countenance. "What do you think of my new spectacles?" he asked, as he took the glasses off his nose. "In the experience of thirty years I have had three grateful patients." He put the spectacles back in the case. "This comes from the third. Very gratifying—very gratifying."

Emily's sense of humor was not the uppermost sense in her at that moment. She pointed with a peremptory forefinger to Mrs. Rook's letter. "Have you nothing to say about this?"

The doctor had so little to say about it that he was able to express himself in one word:

"Humbug!"

He took his hat, nodded kindly to Emily, and hurried away to feverish pulses waiting to be felt, and to furred tongues that were ashamed to show themselves.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MOÎRA.

When Alban presented himself the next morning, the hours of the night had exercised their tranquillizing influence over Emily. She remembered, sorrowfully, how Dr. Allday had disturbed her belief in the man who loved her; no feeling of irritation remained. Alban noticed that her manner was unusually subdued: she received him with her customary grace, but not with her customary smile.

"Are you not well?" he asked.

"I am a little out of spirits," she replied. "A disappointment—that is all."

He waited a moment, apparently in the expectation that she might tell him what the disappointment was. She remained silent, and she looked away from him. Was he in any way answerable for the depression of spirits to which she alluded? The doubt occurred to him, but he said nothing.

"I suppose you have received my letter?" she resumed.

"I have come here to thank you for your letter."

"It was my duty to tell you of Sir Jervis's illness; I deserve no thanks."

"You have written to me so kindly," Alban reminded her; "you have referred to our difference of opinion, the last time I was here, so gently and so forgivingly—"

"If I had written a little later," she interposed, "the tone of my letter might have been less agreeable to you. I happened to send it to the post before I received a visit from a friend of yours—a friend who had something to say to me after consulting with you."

"Do you mean Dr. Allday?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"What you wished him to say. He did his best; he was as obstinate and unfeeling as you could possibly wish him to be; but he was too late. I have written to Mrs. Rook, and I have received a reply." She spoke sadly, not angrily, and pointed to the letter lying on her desk.

Alban understood: he looked at her in despair. "Is that wretched woman doomed to set us at variance every time we meet!" he exclaimed.

Emily silently held out the letter.

He refused to take it. "The wrong you have done me is not to be set right in that way," he said. "You believe the doctor's visit was arranged between us. I never knew that he intended to call on you; I had no interest in sending him here, and I have no wish to offer an opinion on your correspondence with Mrs. Rook."

"I don't understand you."

"You will understand me when I tell you how my conversation with Dr. Allday ended. I have done with interference; I have done with advice. Whatever my doubts may be, all further effort on my part to justify them—all further inquiries, no matter in what direction, are at an end: I make the sacrifice for your sake. No! I must repeat what you said to me just now: I deserve no thanks. What I have done has been done in deference to Dr. Allday, against my own convictions, in spite of my own fears. Ridiculous convictions! ridiculous fears! Men with morbid minds are their own tormentors. It doesn't matter how I suffer, so long as you are at ease. I shall never thwart you or vex you again. Have you a better opinion of me now?"

She made the best of all answers—she gave him her hand.

"May I kiss it?" he asked, as timidly as if he had been a boy addressing his first sweetheart.

She was half inclined to laugh and half inclined to cry. "Yes, if you like," she said, softly.

"Will you let me come and see you again?"

"Gladly—when I return to London."

"You are going away?"

"I am going to Brighton this afternoon, to stay with Miss Ladd."

It was hard to lose her on the happy day when they understood each other at last. An expression of disappointment passed over his face. He rose, and walked restlessly to the window. "Miss Ladd?" he repeated, turning to Emily as if an idea had struck him. "Did I hear at the school that Miss De Sor was to spend the holidays under the care of Miss Ladd?"

"Yes."

"The same young lady," he went on, "who paid you a visit yesterday morning?"

"The same."

That haunting distrust of the future, which he had first betrayed and then affected to ridicule, exercised its depressing influence over his better sense. He was unreasonable enough to feel doubtful of Francine simply because she was a stranger.

"Miss De Sor is a new friend of yours," he said. "Do you like her?"

It was not an easy question to answer, without entering into particulars which Emily's delicacy of feeling warned her to avoid. "I must know a little more of Miss De Sor," she said, "before I can decide."

Alban's misgivings were encouraged by this evasive reply. He began to regret having left the cottage on the previous day when he had heard that Emily was engaged. He might have sent in his card, and might have been admitted. It was an opportunity lost of observing Francine. On the one occasion when he had spoken to her—that is to say, on the morning of her first day at school, when they had accidentally met at the summer-house—she had left a disagreeable impression on his mind. He had not thought of her since, but he remembered now that he had disliked her.

"Is any day fixed for your return to London?" he asked.

"Not yet," she said. "I hardly know how long my visit will be."

"In little more than a fortnight," he continued, "I shall return to my classes: they will be dreary classes without you. Miss De Sor goes back to the school with Miss Ladd, I suppose?"

Emily was at a loss to account for the depression in his looks and tones while he was making these unimportant inquiries. She tried to rouse him by speaking lightly in reply.

"Miss De Sor returns in quite a new character; she is to be a guest instead of a pupil. Do you wish to be better acquainted with her?"

"Yes," he said, gravely, "now I know that she is a friend of yours." He returned to his place near her. "A pleasant visit makes the days pass quickly," he resumed. "You may remain at Brighton longer than you anticipate, and we may not meet again for some time to come. If anything happens—"

"Do you mean anything serious?" she asked.

"No, no! I only mean—if I can be of any service. In that case, will you write to me?"

"You know I will!"

She looked at him anxiously. He had completely failed to hide from her the uneasy state of his mind: a man less capable of concealment of feeling never lived. "You are anxious, and out of spirits," she said, gently. "Is it my fault?"

"Your fault? Oh, don't think that! I have my dull days and my bright days, and just now my barometer is down at dull." His voice faltered in spite of his efforts to control it; he gave up the struggle, and took his hat to go. "Do you remember, Emily, what I once said to you in the garden at school? I still believe there is a time of fulfillment to come in our two lives." He suddenly checked himself, as if there had been something in his mind to which he hesitated to give expression, and held out his hand to bid her good-by.

"You said something more to me," she reminded him. "You said, 'Happen what may in the interval, I trust the future.' Do you feel the same trust still?"

He sighed, drew her to him gently, and kissed her on the forehead. Was that his only reply? Before she was calm enough to speak to him, he was gone.

On the same day Emily was at Brighton.

Francine happened to be alone in the drawing-room. Her first proceeding, when Emily was shown in, was to stop the servant.

"Have you taken my letter to the post?"

"Yes, miss."

"It doesn't matter." She dismissed the servant by a gesture, and burst into such effusive hospitality that she actually insisted on kissing Emily. "Do you know what I have been doing?" she said. "I have been writing to Cecilia—directing to the care of her father at the House of Commons. I stupidly forgot that you would be able to give me the right address in Switzerland. You don't object, I hope, to my making myself agreeable to our dear, beautiful, greedy girl? It is of such importance to me to surround myself with influential friends—and, of course, I have given her your love. Don't look disgusted! Come and see your room.—Oh, never mind Miss Ladd. You will see her when she wakes. Ill? Is that sort of old woman ever ill? She's only taking her nap after bathing. Bathing in the sea at her age! How she must frighten the fishes!"

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1409.

Having seen her own bed-chamber, Emily was next introduced to the room occupied by Francine.

One object that she noticed in it caused her some little surprise, not unmingled with disgust. She discovered on the toilet-table a coarsely caricatured portrait of Mrs. Ellmother. It was a sketch in pencil—wretchedly drawn, but spitefully successful as a likeness. "I didn't know you were an artist," Emily remarked, with an ironical emphasis on the last word. Francine laughed scornfully, crumpled the drawing up in her hand, and threw it into the waste-paper basket.

"You satirical creature!" she burst out, gayly. "If you had lived a dull life at San Domingo, you would have taken to spoiling paper too. I might really have turned out an artist if I had been clever and industrious like you. As it was, I learned a little drawing—and got tired of it. I tried modelling in wax—and got tired of it. Who do you think was my teacher? One of our slaves."

"A slave!" Emily exclaimed.

"Yes, a mulatto, if you wish me to be particular; the daughter of an English father and a negro mother. In her young time (at least she said so herself) she was quite a beauty, in her particular style. Her master's favorite, he educated her himself. Besides drawing, and painting, and modelling in wax, she could sing and play—all the accomplishments thrown away on a slave! When her owner died, my uncle bought her at the sale of the property."

A word of natural compassion escaped Emily—to Francine's surprise.

"Oh, my dear, you needn't pity her! Sappho (that was her name) fetched a high price, even when she was no longer young. She came to us by inheritance, with the estates and the rest of it, and took a fancy to me when she found I didn't get on well with my father and mother. 'I owe it to *my* father and mother,' she used to say, 'that I am a slave. When I see affectionate daughters, it wrings my heart.' Sappho was a strange compound. A woman with a white side to her character, and a black side. For weeks together she would be a civilized being. Then she used to relapse, and become as complete a negress as her mother. At the risk of her life she stole away on those occasions into the interior of the island, and looked on, in hiding, at the horrid witchcrafts and idolatries of the blacks; they would have murdered a half-blood, prying into their ceremonies, if they had discovered her. I followed her once as far as I dared. The frightful yellings and drummings in the darkness of the forest frightened me. The blacks suspected her, and it came to my ears. I gave her the warning that saved her life (I don't know what I should have done without Sappho to amuse me); and from that time I do believe the curious creature loved me. You see I can speak generously even of a slave!"

"I wonder you didn't bring her with you to England," Emily said.

"In the first place," Francine answered, "she was my father's property, not mine. In the second place, she's dead. Poisoned, as the other half-bloods supposed, by some enemy among the blacks. She said herself she was under a spell."

"What did she mean?"

Francine was not interested enough in the subject to explain. "Stupid superstition, my dear. The negro side of Sappho was uppermost when she was dying—there is the explanation. Be off with you! I hear the old woman on the stairs. Meet her before she can come in here. My bedroom is my only refuge from Miss Ladd."

On the morning of the last day in the week Emily had a little talk in private with her old school-mistress. Miss Ladd listened to what she had to say of Mrs. Ellmother, and did her best to relieve Emily's anxiety. "I think you are mistaken, my child, in supposing that Francine is in earnest. Her great fault is that she is hardly ever in earnest. You can trust to my discretion; leave the rest to your aunt's old servant and to me."

Mrs. Ellmother arrived punctual to the appointed time. She was shown into Miss Ladd's own room. Francine—ostentatiously resolved to take no personal part in the affair—went out for a walk. Emily waited to hear the result.

After a long interval Miss Ladd returned to the drawing-room, and announced that she had sanctioned the engagement of Mrs. Ellmother.

"I have considered your wishes in this respect," she said. "It is arranged that a week's notice on either side shall end the term of service after the first month. I can not feel justified in doing more than that. Mrs. Ellmother is such a respectable woman, she is so well known to you, and she was so long in your aunt's service, that I am bound to consider the importance of securing a person who is exactly fitted to attend on such a girl as Francine. In one word, I can trust Mrs. Ellmother."

"When does she enter on her service?" Emily inquired.

"On the day after we return to the school," Miss Ladd replied. "You will be glad to see her, I am sure. I will send her here."

"One word more before you go," Emily said. "Did you ask her why she left my aunt?"

"My dear child, a woman who has been five-and-twenty years in one place is entitled to keep her own secrets. I understand that she had her reasons, and that she doesn't think it necessary to mention them to anybody. Never trust people by halves—especially when they are people like Mrs. Ellmother."

It was too late now to raise any objections. Emily could only hope that Francine's curiosity would wear itself out with the lapse of time. It was a relief, rather than a disappointment, to discover that Mrs. Ellmother was in a hurry to get back to London by the next train. She had found an opportunity of letting her lodgings, and she was eager to conclude the bargain. "You see I couldn't say Yes," she explained, "till I knew whether I was to get this new place or not—and the person wants to go in to-night."

Emily stopped her at the door. "Promise to write, and tell me how you get on with Miss De Sor."

"You say that, Miss Emily, as if you didn't feel hopeful about me."

"I say it because I feel interested about you. Promise to write."

Mrs. Ellmother promised, and hastened away. Emily looked after her from the window as long as she was in view. "I wish I could feel sure of Francine," she said to herself.

"In what way?" asked the hard voice of Francine, speaking at the door.

It was not in Emily's frank and fearless nature to shrink from a plain reply. She completed her half-formed thought without a moment's hesitation.

"I wish I could feel sure," she answered, "that you will be kind to Mrs. Ellmother."

"Are you afraid I shall make her life one scene of torment?" Francine asked, with her keenest irony. "How can I answer for myself? I can't look into the future."

"For once in your life can you be in earnest?" Emily said.

"For once in your life can you take a joke?" Francine replied.

Emily said no more. She privately resolved to shorten her visit to Brighton.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POT-HUNTERS.

The attention which within a few years has been given to gunning by a large class of people has brought to the fore the professional gunner or guide. When this demand first arose the earlier recruits were men well advanced in years, who in their youth gained their training as gunners for the market. This class is fast disappearing. In its place a very different order of man has been produced. The original lot were—and what few are left are—simple, guileless, quaint characters, endowed with a conscience and desire to do their best for their clients. The new race, while not deficient in technical skill, have lost all the interesting characteristics of their predecessors, and developed into the professional "sporting man," with all his faults and vices many times exaggerated. With the disappearance of the original professional gunner, the old-time sportsman is passing away. Possibly with the gunners of the present *régime* the guide of to-day is a more congenial companion. Were it not so he would not exist. The gunners referred to in this brief article are the expert, simple, highly trained men, the original founders of the order. Only within a very few years, comparatively speaking, have they had an existence. So rapid, however, is our development that within this brief period they have been thrust one side, and a new race has taken their place.

This older set had incontestably the advantage, insomuch as their opportunities for studying the habits of game were so very much more extensive. Where a hundred birds or other game were found then, but one can be found to-day. Moreover, that eighth sense, called instinct or prescience, was very acutely developed in these men. In the younger generation it is wanting. Cupidity and trickery have taken its place. This quality of instinct or prescience the former called "luck." Indeed, this is the name given to it by the world in general. That it is not mere hazard, but the working of a force of which we are entirely unconscious, was often seen in the case of these professional gunners. Given two of these of an equal intelligence and skill, equally well equipped; start them both under precisely the same conditions: one will invariably be the more "lucky," or, in other words, he is more keenly endowed than his companion with this quality called "instinct," this eighth sense, which unconsciously impels him in a direction in which game will be found in greater abundance. Those who have observed closely or had much intercourse with the professional gunner of the past can not fail to have noted the existence of this peculiarity, and its stronger development in him than in any other class of men.

In addition to a phenomenal skill and dexterity in the use of his gun, rusty and tied up with strings, he had a high sense of humor and Rabelaisian wit, which gave great interest and point to all his sayings and doings. One of these in particular, *facile princeps* in his profession, and not unknown to fame, in order to repair the ravages of time, equipped himself with a full set of false teeth. He was in his day a noted trapper. He averred—and it is his word which must be taken for the truth of the statement—that by an ingenious attachment to his false teeth (which he called his "jaws") it was his custom to use them at night as a trap with which to capture mice. The grotesqueness of this performance gave him much delight. He has devoted many an hour, awaiting the coming of birds, to a description of the mice struggling between the edges of the upper and lower teeth.

He was a man entirely insensible to the rigors of the weather. On a certain occasion, however, he was observed, under circumstances which hardly warranted it, to betray evidences of acute suffering from the cold. He could not himself for some time account for so unusual an occurrence. Suddenly he put his hand to his mouth, and exclaimed, "That's what's the matter; I've come away and forgotten my jaws"—his false teeth. He immediately put up his sail and started for home to get his dental equipment. On his return, having accomplished his purpose, although the cold became more intense every hour, he was apparently the only thoroughly comfortable person in the group. Probably this is the first instance on record where a set of false teeth has served the purpose of an extra supply of clothing.

A few years more will see the last of this older race of gunners. The new school will doubtless have their professional stories to relate to their patrons. They can not, however, fail to lack the picturesque grotesqueness of those of their far abler and more interesting predecessors.

Gaston Fay.

THE NEW SPEAKER.

The successor of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Brand, G.C.B., in the Speakership of the British House of Commons, is Mr. Arthur Wellesley Peel, M.P. for Warwick. Mr. Arthur Peel, who is the youngest son of the late Sir Robert Peel, Prime Minister, was born in August, 1829, and was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1852, and was second class in the mathematical school. His name appears on the rolls of the Inner Temple as a student, but he was never called to the bar. He unsuccessfully contested Coventry in 1863, but in 1865 he was returned as a Liberal for Warwick, for which borough he has sat since. He was Secretary to the Poor Law Board from December, 1868, to January, 1871; Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade from the latter date to August, 1873; and then Secretary to the Treasury until February, 1874. He was also Under Secretary of State for the Home Department from April to December, 1880. He married, in 1862, the eldest daughter of William Stratford Dugdale, of Merevale, Warwickshire. His country residence is The Lodge, Sandy, Bedfordshire.

Mr. Labouchere says of the new Speaker, in London *Truth*: "He is a handsome gentleman, of imposing stature; but the effect of his full-bottomed wig is spoiled by his beard. When sitting in his chair he looks exactly like one of the sculptured warriors of Nineveh." We give his portrait on page 209.

A FLOOD SCENE ON THE TECHE.

The Teche country of southwestern Louisiana is a region of surprises to even the most cynical of sight-seers, for here Nature at last seems determined to show that even man's exaggerations and her own wonders can be for once brought together in a great harmonious whole.

For miles above Morgan City the shores are low and flat, and as uninteresting, from a pictorial point of view, as the great covered wharves and the immense skeleton-like iron railroad bridge that spans the river at that point. The sun beats down as the steamer pushes along the glassy surface of the water, and there appears to be no relief, when suddenly the shores converge, the banks rise higher, clumps of trees appear, and before you fully realize it you are at the entrance of the Bayou Teche. The change of scenery is magical and complete. At the very entrance, on the point of land to the right, are two mound-like elevations, grass-covered, delightfully green, a quaint old building stands beside, mossy-roofed, and over all spread the branches of some giant live-oaks. Their full-leaved boughs, glistening in the sun, cast shadows as cool, dark, and inviting as some rocky cavern, and from beneath trickles a rivulet to the water's edge.

The Teche is but a few hundred feet wide at this point, but the navigable waters extend for 110 miles north, and pass through a country as rich in natural products and beautiful in scenery as any on earth. The grandest of live-oaks, with their patriarchal beards of Spanish moss, stand in thousands along its banks, and but half conceal vistas of cultivated fields beyond.

The finest sugar plantations meet the eye at frequent intervals, and every bend of the river discloses new scenes of agricultural beauty and thrift.

Scores of populous towns nestle among the oaks upon its banks, while the bridges that span the stream seem endless. Some of these, at your approach, break in the middle, and tossing themselves upward, hold their giant arms aloft as the steamboat passes under; while others are veritable floating craft, which break likewise in mid-section, but fold back their portals mysteriously on the tide.

Long rafts of timber from the clearings further up follow the river's serpentine course to the saw-mills nearer its mouth, and huge stern-wheelers crowd your craft under the spreading oaks as they pass cautiously, almost hidden beneath their loads of sugar and cotton. It is a land filled with beauty and abundance—a beauty so strange and wierd that the great poet Longfellow was enabled to give us, by its reflection alone, in a few masterly touches, a perfect outline of it in that saddest of poems, the story of Evangeline. Every line and word of that plaintive tale brings up in the memory of one who has seen the place new recollections of its dreamy bayous and velvety prairies, yet the great master never visited the land of which he sings.

"For not far to the southward, on the banks of the
Teche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
Beautiful is the land with its prairies and forests
of fruit trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest
of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls
of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of
Louisiana."

And yet these garden spots, these store-houses where Nature has thrown down and heaped up in strange confusion her richest treasures, these broad loamy prairies, these velvety hills beneath which man finds untold millions of tons of the finest salt, whose surface yields the sweetest of sugars, whose forests of oaks are the growth of centuries, where cotton and rice alike flourish—are retarded in their proper development by the floods, those treacherous outbreaks of the Mississippi which, though occurring hundreds of miles away, wind their sinuous course through forest and channel to submerge the finest of these lands.

The visitor will see on trees, houses, and fences the water-marks of former flood years—a levelling line truer than can be made by engineer or instrument. The accounts of the sufferings of those in the Atchafalaya and Teche districts, described by those who accompanied the *Times-Democrat* relief steamer on her errand of mercy and succor, form a terrible chapter of suffering. Whole districts were inundated, crops ruined, herds destroyed. For weeks no communication was had but by boats, and a village scene in which the principal avenues were but canals, as depicted on page 204, was one too familiar to strike as strange the imagination of any but a visitor.

J. O. Davidson.

RICHARD HENGIST HORNE.

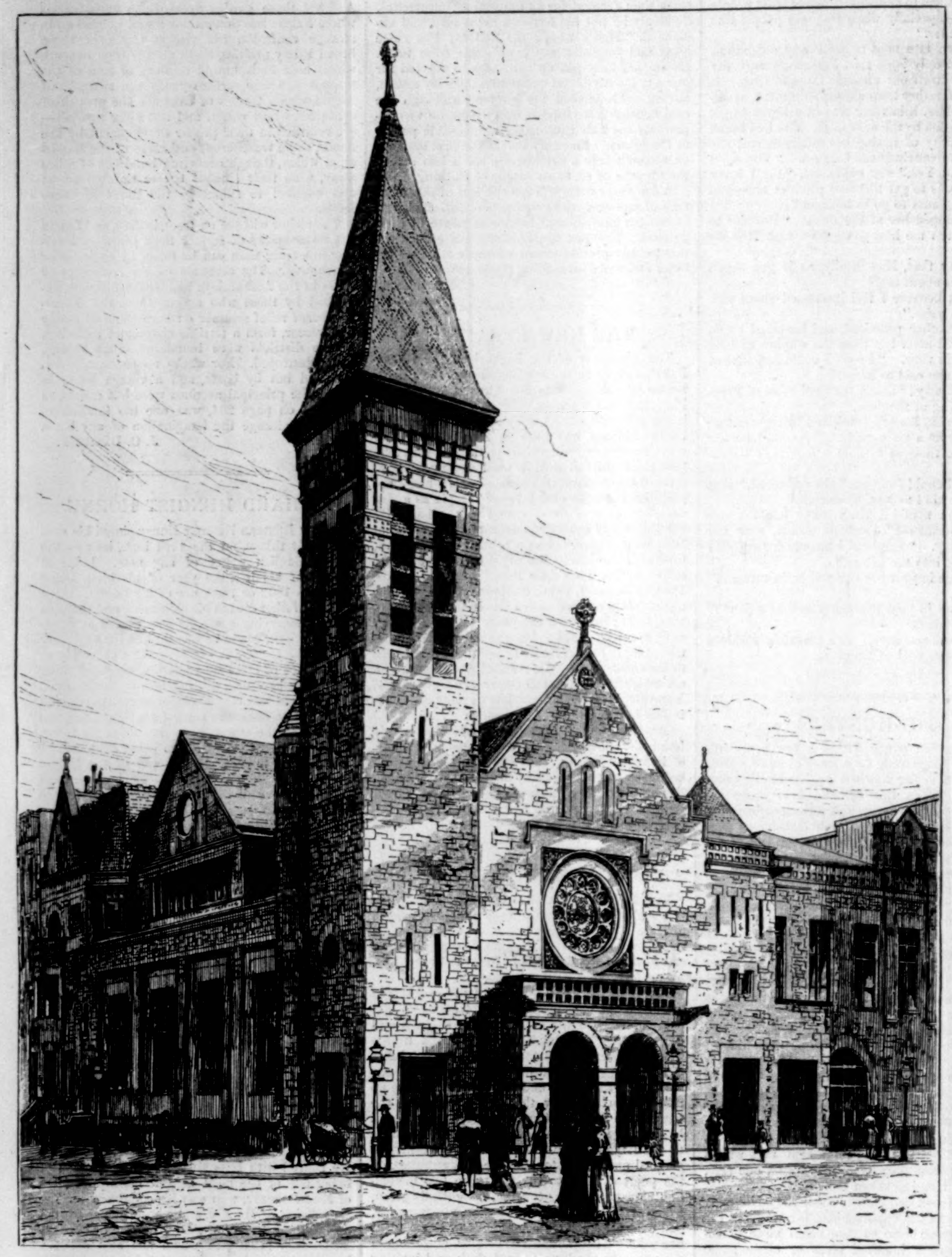
When Richard Hengist Horne closed his eyes to earthly things, on the 17th inst., he was the oldest English writer of any note. Little is known of his life, the year of his birth being stated as 1802 or 1803, nor of his family, except that his father died in his childhood, and that, his mother marrying again, he was placed at Sandhurst College, where he was trained for a military life, in the expectation of securing a cadetship in the service of the East India Company. Failing in this, he became a midshipman in the Mexican navy, which was then engaged in a struggle with Spain, was a sharer in several sea fights, and was present at the storming of San Juan de Ulloa. The independence of Mexico being achieved, he returned to England by the way of the United States, and his small patrimony having been wasted by one of his guardians, he was left to his own devices. They appear to have drawn him toward literature, but in what direction at the start we are left to conjecture, for bibliography, which enables us to trace the career of many lesser writers, does not enable us to trace him beyond 1837, when he published his first, and in some respects his greatest work, *Cosmo de' Medici*. It was followed in 1838 by *The Death of Marlowe*, in 1840 by *Gregory the Seventh*, in 1843 by the epic of *Orion*, and in 1848 by the mystery of *Judas Iscariot*. Besides these volumes, in which his maturest powers were deliberately put forth, and which constitute his chief claim to remembrance, he wrote largely in prose in less ambitious fields, impelled thereto, without doubt,

"By that eternal want of pence
Which vexes public men."

Well known as an author, he numbered among his personal friends such men as Thackeray, Dickens, Jerrold, Browning, Procter, Hunt, and Lytton Bulwer, and such women as Mary Russell Mitford and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. He shared with Miss Mitford the distinction of being one of the most helpful literary advisers of Miss Barrett, who was his co-laborer on *The New Spirit of the Age*, and whose letters to him during the progress of that work and of *Chances Modernized* (1840), in which she also assisted him, are the only specimens of her correspondence that have yet been given to the world. He was a member of the company of amateurs who played in *Not so Bad as We Seem* for the Guild of Literature and Art, and for years it was his last appearance in England, for at the age of fifty his old spirit of adventure seized him, and he emigrated to Australia, where, beginning as a digger in the gold fields, he acted as Chief of the Mounted Police, and afterward as Gold Commissioner. He returned to England fourteen years ago, apparently not much enriched with this world's goods, and had his early place accorded to him by the generation of poets that had grown up since his departure. Loyal to the fame that he won in his manhood by *Cosmo de' Medici* and *Orion*, they made pilgrimages to his modest apartments near Regent's Park, and were graciously welcomed by the old poet, whose heart was as young as theirs despite his silver hair, and whose spirit was as indomitable as when he saw Orizaba morn after morn in his youth.

Richard Hengist Horne shares the fate of Walter Savage Landor in that he has a great reputation but no readers. When I say no readers I do not forget that his writings are occasionally to be found in the libraries of students, as the writings of Beddoes and Bailey are; I merely mean that he is not read as all poets would wish to be read. His reputation is confined to the closet, because the form of verse by which it was won is essentially obsolete. He did not, he would not, perceive that the dramatic spirit which he sought to revive had long since departed from English poetry. The history of the drama of his own time, acted and unacted, taught him nothing. He maintained that his last tragedy (*Laura Dibalzo*, 1880), like all his previous dramas, was systematically constructed for stage representation—a few speeches being, as usual, cut down to square with the imperative clock. "But until we have a national theatre, as in Paris, which shall not be of necessity a commercial speculation, there is no hope for me." If he had been born two centuries earlier, there would have been another great English dramatist. As it is, we can only say that the last of the Elizabethans has died in Richard Hengist Horne.

R. H. Stoddard.



THE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THE PARK AVENUE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

This fine edifice, which stands on the corner of Park Avenue and Eighty-sixth Street, in this city, was dedicated on March 23. It has been designed by its architects, J. C. Cady & Co., to meet the needs of a large and active church, which has a numerous attendance upon its various services, and is engaged in many forms of Christian and charitable work, especially among the poor.

The building is especially interesting as a careful study of these various wants, and a solution of the difficult problem which they present. The result is a building quite different from the ordinary church type, and which, while losing nothing in dignity and impressiveness, expresses the social and active features that are really characteristic of the church. The seats in the auditorium are all within easy range of the speaker's eye. Columns and arches are so arranged that the view from the seats is not interfered with, while a spacious and social effect is gained. The organ, singers' gallery, and pulpit fill the front of the audience room. These three features, important in the prayer and praise of the congregation, are emphasized as an effective whole, and suggest praise and worship. The large Sunday-school hall, accommodating many hundred scholars, opens directly into the gallery of the audience-room.

The seating capacity of the auditorium will accommodate nearly one thousand people. In the rear of the main portion of the church, and connecting with it, is a well-proportioned parsonage, with all modern improvements. The general architectural style is a phase of Old English, combining the sturdy Norman characteristics with the quaint rich detail of baronial times. This is seen in the treatment of the massive rock-faced wall of the exterior, and the contrasting effect of the great columns and arches of the interior with the rich masses of detail which they inclose.

This is the third church building that has been erected by this society. The first was in 1837, when the original John Street Church—the first Methodist church edifice built in this country—was removed from "Bowery Village" to "Yorkville," and rebuilt upon what is now Eighty-sixth Street, between Park and Lexington avenues.

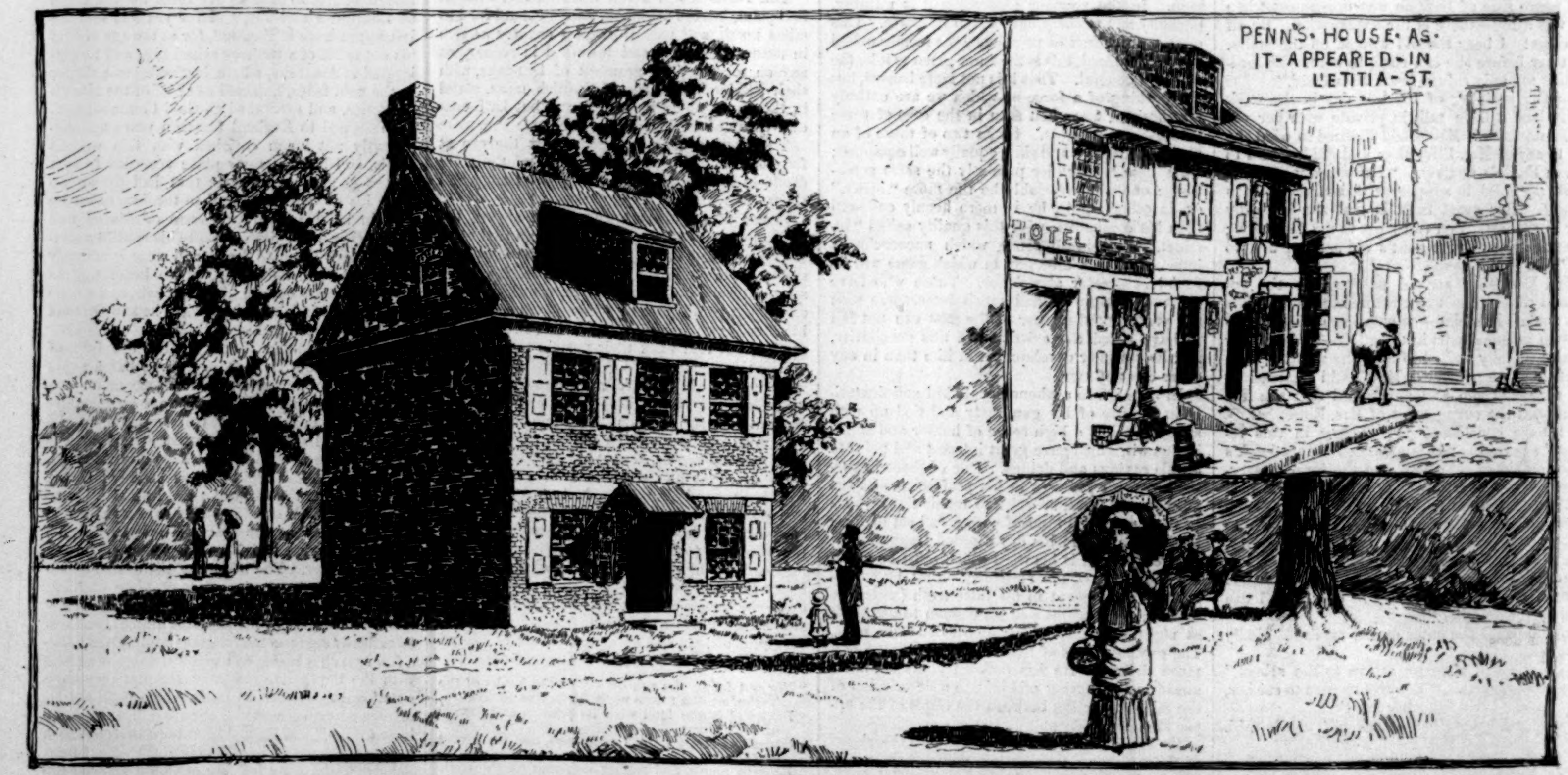
The second, a plain brick structure on the same site, was built in 1858. The congregation has grown, with the progress of the "up-town" movement of our population, into possibly the largest of its denomination in the city.

The church has had twenty-eight pastors during the forty-seven years of its existence, and four of them—the late Rev. Drs. A. M. Osbon and Stephen D. Brown, the Rev. Albert D. Vail, D.D., and the present pastor—have each served the church during two pastoral terms.

The Park Avenue Methodist Church may be regarded as a typical Methodist society. The membership is gathered from the intelligent middle classes of society, who are in the Church to work for the advancement of the doctrines in which they have been educated and for the elevation of humanity. As a society, they have been distinguished for many years by the intelligent work which they have pursued among the people of this city, and for the support they have given to charitable purposes.

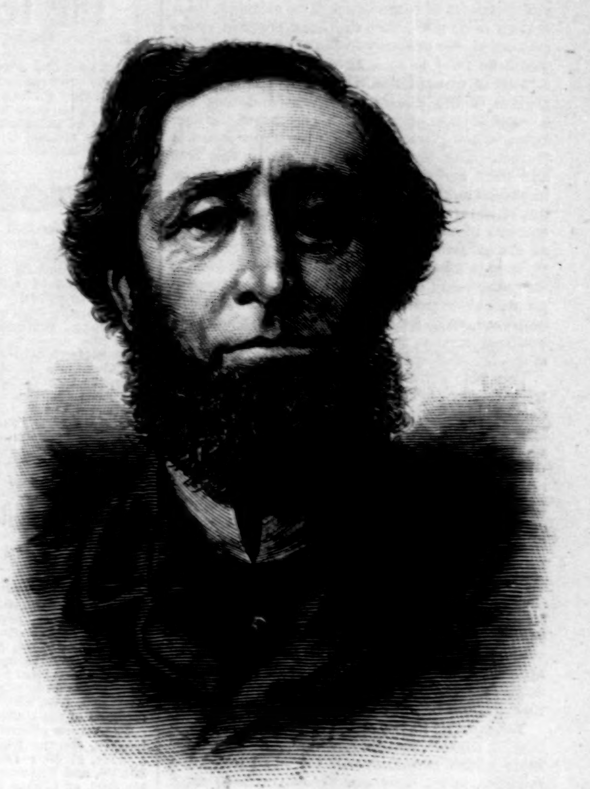
The men who have assumed the responsibilities of this enterprise know what it is to plan heroic things, and then execute them. They deserve well from all friends of New York Methodism and New York Christianity.

The pastor, the Rev. A. J. Palmer, holds an important relation to this enterprise. The youngest enlisted soldier in the Northern armies for the maintenance of the government, and one of the most noted survivors of Libby Prison, he has that personal magnetism, coming from a combination of self-reliance and self-forgetfulness, which eminently qualifies him to hold together and inspire a society to accomplish whatever tasks they may undertake.



THE OLD PENN HOUSE; BUILT IN LETITIA STREET, PHILADELPHIA, 1682; REMOVED TO FAIRMOUNT PARK, 1883.

R. H. HORNE.—Photographed by Elliott & Fry, London.
[See Page 207.]



ARTHUR WELLESLEY PEEL, THE NEW SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—[See Page 207.]

THE ARCADE RAILWAY.

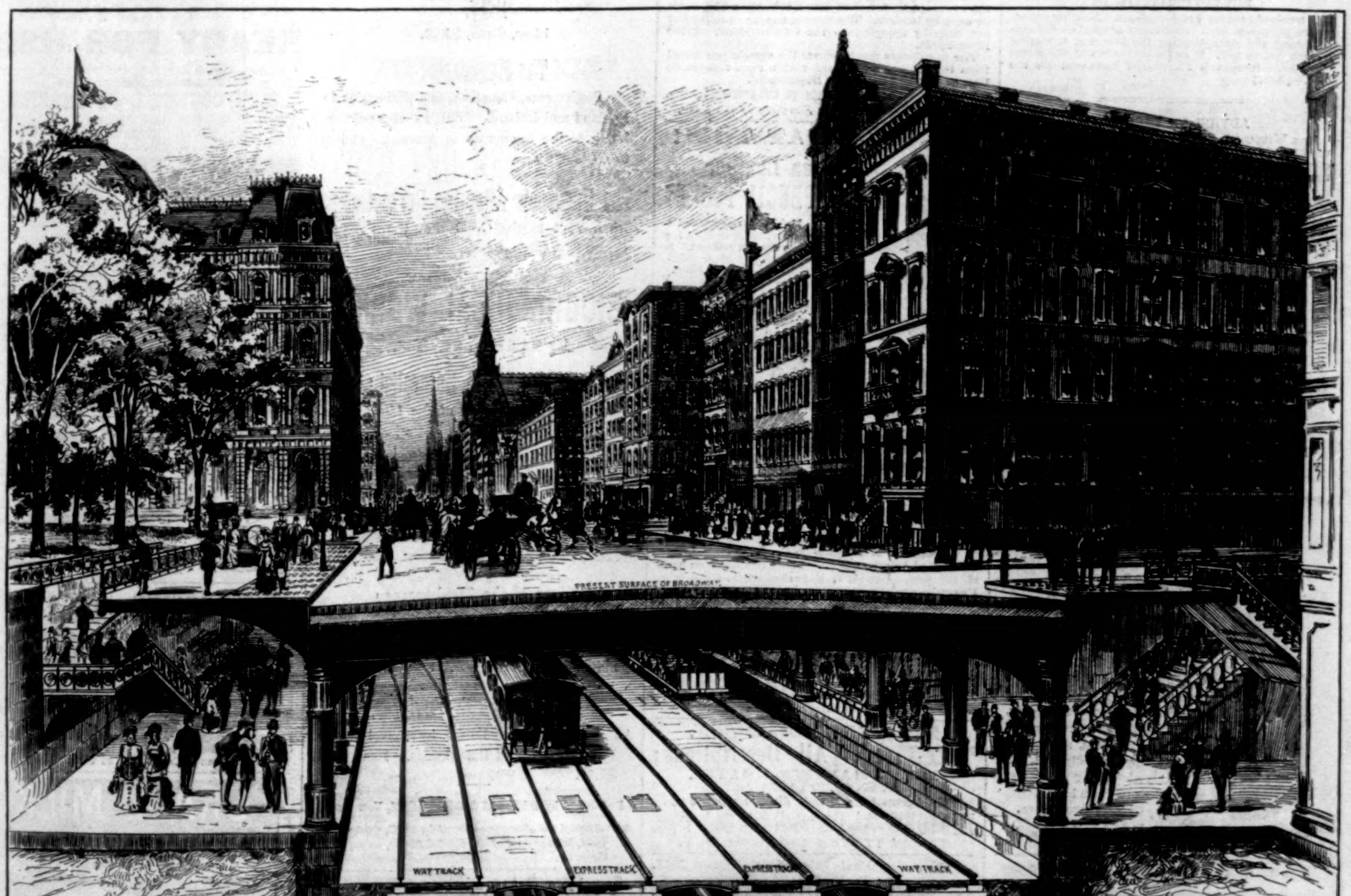
Those who from a long residence in New York have witnessed the gradual development of the facilities for transit between the lower portions of the city where business is concentrated and the upper portions devoted to residences, can not fail to contrast, with feelings of satisfaction, the conveniences, comforts, and saving of time now daily enjoyed, with the vexatious delays, the crowding, jolting, scrambling experience of the old omnibus days, when men were often obliged to walk several blocks up-town in the morning to meet one of these public conveyances which was not already too much crowded to permit one more squeezing in. It is nevertheless apparent to every one that even the present improved facilities of transit do not satisfy the public wants. New York is peculiarly situated topographically. A long neck of land by which the land approach to the lower part of the city is restricted to a comparatively narrow tract of several miles in length is flanked by broad areas of water across which common bridges are impracticable, and which, except in the direction of Brooklyn, present almost impassable barriers to extension, as well as serious obstacles to the movements of the immense throngs of people who daily come and go for business or pleasure.

To these peculiar conditions of topography is to be added another no less controlling in its influence on the question of transit, the fact that the business heart of the city is at the very extremity of this neck of land. The banks, the large mercantile houses, the insurance offices, the principal law offices, shipping offices, government offices, are all there firmly established.

Another and not by any means insignificant fact connected with the daily in-pouring and out-pouring of the human streams to and from this busy centre consists in the architectural changes which are taking place, the substitution of capacious high buildings for the lower and more irregularly built structures of the past. In this respect it may be said that the "elevator" has added several stories to the business portion of the city, thus causing a new and unexpected accumulation of people in many down-town districts during business hours.

It is not strange that this concentration of activity at the central point of a great and rapidly growing city should cause a corresponding crowding of the streets with vehicles and foot-passengers, and give rise to a demand for more rapid communication between the upper and lower parts of the city, or between the country and the heart of the town. The elevated roads do not fulfill this end. Although a very great and now indispensable way of communication, they can hardly be said to furnish *rapid* transit. They make too many stops, run too slowly, and pass too far from the main railroad connections to accommodate the public to the best advantage. A sub-surface road is the only one which will permit sufficient speed of movement to be really a rapid-transit road. Under these points of view the Arcade Railway, the general design of which may be seen in the illustration presented on this page, seems to offer great advantages. It is proposed to add a story to Broadway, not above, but below the present surface of the street. The general plans seem to have been studied with great care, and are designed to provide not only through trains running at high speed, but slower trains on separate tracks for local accommodation and freight. Provision is also made for sewers, gas, and water mains in side channels, and also for well-lighted subway sidewalks. The present street surface and sidewalks are retained at their present grades, but are to be rebuilt, as the work progresses, in an improved manner, and will form a covering for the subways underneath. In an engineering point of view the work seems to present no extraordinary difficulties.

The progress of engineering science has been such during the last few years that with a liberal use of iron, and improved facilities for quarrying, blasting, and bridging, undertakings which a few years ago would have appeared impracticable now come within the scope of the most ordinary engineering practice. Broadway is not only the apparent but the real main artery of the city; and yet its narrow width is of itself sufficient to discourage any attempt to place along its course an elevated road or surface tracks. It is thus to a great extent left without the facilities of local communication which are enjoyed by other and less important streets; and it is in fact so far removed from the main lines of through transit on each side that this famous street is undoubtedly losing its prestige. The construction of the arcade subway, with its four lines of railroad and its sidewalks, would not only render more valuable the basement stories of all buildings along Broadway, but would, in the opinion of the engineers who have examined the plans, practically add a story to these buildings, since vaults and sub-basement rooms could be placed at still lower levels. According to these plans Broadway is practically made a street of two stories, the upper for carriages and pedestrians, and the lower being



THE PROJECTED ARCADE RAILWAY UNDER BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

devoted principally to railways. The methods and processes of construction have evidently been studied with a view to the least possible interruption of the ordinary traffic of the streets. It would be fatal to such an enterprise to propose a mode of construction which would require any portion of the streets to be closed during the process of excavation and the erection of the iron columns and girders on which the upper street is to rest. The designers have overcome this first and most serious obstacle at the outset by an ingenious method of proceeding, which constitutes one of the strongest guarantees of success. This consists in constructing, in advance of the work, as the excavations and other sub-surface works proceed, a false street 500 or 1000 feet in length, its grade being only four feet above the present grade, and its parts being portable, so that it can be pieced out or lengthened at the advancing end, and shortened at the following end as the arcade is finished underneath.

This plan permits of all excavations and other work for the lower story of the street to be conducted under cover of these bridges, while the latter form a temporary street, for a short distance, only a few feet above the present level, with easy approaches for the temporary passage of vehicles. All the material excavated, and the material required for the construction of the sub-surface roadway, is to be transported through the subway itself as it advances, thus avoiding serious obstruction of whatever kind in the street above.

It is stated in the report of the engineers that all the buildings built within the last twenty years have their foundations below the lowest excavations required. In case it should be found necessary, however, to extend such foundations downward, there is abundant experience to show that this can be done without difficulty.

Taken in all its features, this project in its engineering aspects, and its apparent advantages for rapid transit, combined with local and freighting facilities, is the only one which seems to meet the pressing needs of the present and the almost positive demands of the future.

The indorsement which it has received from many eminent engineers as to its entire practicability renders its success a matter of finance—of cost, equipment, maintenance, and current expense—against receipts for transport of passengers and freight.

Its effect on Broadway, if we accept the conclusions arrived at by the designers, which do not appear to be exaggerated, will be to improve this important street in such a way as to restore and make permanent its old-time pre-eminence.

W. P. Trowbridge.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "Horsford's" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE

Has received universal endorsement. *No other preparation* possesses such remarkable properties for embellishing and strengthening the hair and rendering it dark and glossy. It cures baldness and eradicates dandruff. Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters are the best remedy for removing indigestion and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

SCALPERS

Should use Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment. It will make the hair grow and turn gray hair to its natural color.

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Can immediately remove blotches, pimples, and freckles with it; it also makes the hands white and soft. Once use it and you will never be without it. It is worth its weight in gold. Sold by all druggists. Depot, 42 Murray Street, New York.—[*Adv.*]

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In accordance with the provisions of the 5th section of the act of Congress making appropriations to supply deficiencies approved March 3, 1883, sealed proposals will be received at the Navy Department until noon on Saturday, May 3, 1884, at which time and place they will be opened, for the purchase of certain vessels which have been stricken from the Navy Register, under authority of an act of Congress approved August 5, 1882, and which it is deemed for the best interests of the United States to sell.

The vessels offered, their appraised value and their locality, are the Niagara, at Boston, Mass., $24,200; Florida, at New London, Conn., $52,700; Colorado $34,700, and Ticonderoga $24,900, at New York; Supply $800, at League Island, Penn.; Pawnee $5,200, at Port Royal, S. C.; Benicia $14,000, and Cyane $12,000, at Mare Island, Cal.

Proposals must be submitted in a sealed envelope, addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., and endorsed "proposals for the purchase of vessels," so as to distinguish them from other communications. No offer for more than one vessel should be included within one proposal.

The vessels will be sold, for cash, to the person or persons, or corporation or corporations, offering the highest prices therefor above the appraised value thereof. Each bid or proposal must be accompanied by a deposit in cash (or satisfactory certified check) of not less than ten per cent. of the amount of the offer or proposal, and also a bond with a penal sum equal to the whole amount of the offer, with two or more sureties, to be approved by the Secretary of the Navy, conditioned for the payment of the remaining ninety per cent. of the amount of such offer or proposal within thirty days from the date of its acceptance. In case default is made in the payment of the remaining ninety per cent., or any part thereof, within that time, said cash deposit of ten per cent. shall be considered as forfeited to the Government, and shall be applied as directed in the act of March 3, 1883. All deposits and bonds of bidders, whose proposals shall not be accepted, will be returned to them within seven days after the opening of the proposals.

On application to the Department, a printed list will be furnished, giving general information concerning the vessels; also forms of bids and bonds which must be used by bidders. The vessels can be examined at any time by applying to the Commandants of the Navy Yards.

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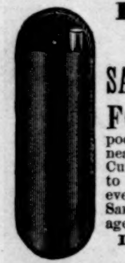
WILLIAM E. CHANDLER,
Secretary of the Navy.



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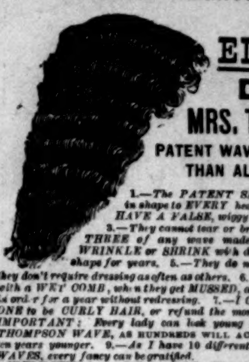

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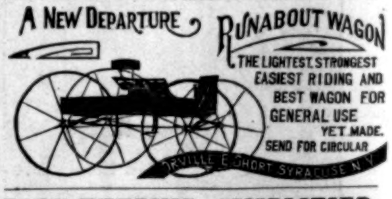
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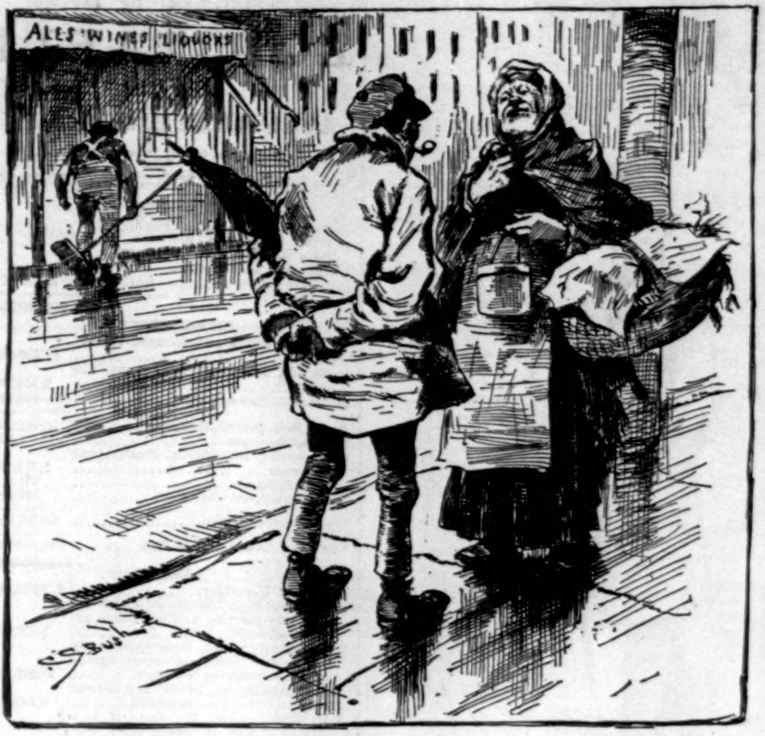

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